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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Notes on a Journey in America, from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois. By Morris Birkbeck. London. 1818. pp. 144.

WE had taken up this volume with rather a favourable impression upon our minds, in consequence of having read Mr. B.'s prior account of a Tour in France. That was certainly an interesting work, and contained the most faithful picture of the manners and politics of the French, in 1814, which had then been published; and the modesty of the title did not fail to add to the predilection we had felt in its favour. Mr. B. is an acute observer of men and manners; and could he but divest himself of his political prejudices, his views as a traveller would be equally accurate: but, unfortunately, he appears to have crossed the Atlantic with a mind predisposed to exalt every thing which savoured of *Yanckeyism*, and to draw the most unjust and invidious comparisons on all that related to the land that gave him birth.

As a fair example of the opinion which he has formed of our constitution and privileges, we have selected his description of the political situation of an English farmer:—

"An English farmer, to which class I had the honour to belong, is in possession of the same rights and privileges with the *villains* of old time; and exhibits, for the most part, a suitable political character. He has no voice in the appointment of the legislature, unless he happen to possess a freehold of forty shillings a-year; and he is then expected to vote in the interest of his landlord. He has no concern with public affairs, excepting as a tax-payer, a parish officer, or a militia man. He has no right to appear at a county meeting, unless the word *inhabitant* should find its way into the sheriff's invitation; in this case, he may show his face among the nobility, clergy, and freeholders:—a felicity which once occurred to myself, when the *inhabitants* of Surrey were invited to assist the gentry in crying down the Income Tax."

After having travelled by the Pittsburgh stage for about one hundred miles, the whole family were under the necessity of continuing their journey on foot;

each individual of the party taking his share from the little that remained of the travelling stock. This method of proceeding Mr. B. seemed to admire prodigiously; though we cannot but think that in this despised and forsaken land a party, or rather parties, for they found many families of emigrants in the same case, and travelling under the same circumstances, would be esteemed little more than a wandering gipsy-tribe, or a group of Irishmen emigrating for the hay-season:—

"We have now fairly turned our backs on the old world, and find ourselves in the very stream of emigration. Old America seems to be breaking up, and moving westward. We are seldom out of sight, as we travel on this grand track towards the Ohio, of family groups, behind and before us, some with a view to a particular spot; close to a brother, perhaps, or a friend, who has gone before and reported well of the country. Many, like ourselves, when they arrive in the wilderness, will find no lodge prepared for them.

"A small waggon (so light that you might almost carry it, yet strong enough to bear a good load of bedding, utensils, and provisions, and a swarm of young citizens,—and to sustain marvellous shocks in its passage over these rocky heights,) with two small horses; sometimes a cow or two comprises their all, excepting a little store of hard-earned cash for the land-office of the district, where they may obtain a title for as many acres as they possess half-dollars, being one-fourth of the purchase-money. The waggon has a tilt, or cover, made of a sheet, or perhaps a blanket. The families are seen before, behind, or within the vehicle, according to the road, or the weather, or perhaps the spirits of the party."

The mode of entertainment at an American inn, though very well adapted for the wild Hottentot or Abyssinian, whose plate, if they use any, has a rotative motion, commencing at the head, and passing round to all the guests in common, seems very revolting to our notions of delicacy; though we are still in the dark, as to whether the ladies and gentlemen were indiscriminately mixed in these midnight hotbeds of filth:—

"Whatever may be the number of guests, they must receive their entertainment *en-masse*, and they must sleep *en-masse*. Three times a-day the great bell rings, and a hundred persons collect from all quarters, to eat

a hurried meal, composed of almost as many dishes. At breakfast you have fish, flesh, and fowl; bread of every shape and kind, butter, eggs, coffee, tea—every thing, and more than you can think of. Dinner is much like the breakfast, omitting the tea and coffee; and supper is the breakfast repeated. Soon after this meal, you assemble once more, in rooms crowded with beds, something like the wards of a hospital; where, after undressing in public, you are fortunate if you escape a partner in your bed, in addition to the myriads of bugs, which you need not hope to escape."

The sufferings of an emigrant who goes to America without friend or recommendation, and with little or no capital, is generally such that few constitutions less hardy than those of bushmen can endure the seasoning. No person can deny that the labour of a mechanic of the lowest class is light, when compared with the following picture, which we have every reason to fear is rather meant as part of a defence of the climate, than a candid acknowledgment of the miseries incident to emigration.

The poor emigrant, having collected the eighty dollars, repairs to the land office, and enters his quarter section, then works his way without another "cent" in his pocket to the solitary spot, which is to be his future abode, in a two-horse waggon, containing his family and his little all, consisting of a few blankets, a skillet, his rifle, and his axe. Suppose him arrived in the spring: after putting up a little log cabin, he proceeds to clear, with intense labour, a plot of ground for Indian corn, which is to be their next year's support; but, for the present, being without means of obtaining a supply of flour, he depends on his gun for subsistence. In pursuit of the game, he is compelled, after his day's work, to wade through the evening dews up to the waist in long grass, or bushes; and returning, finds nothing to lie on but a bear's skin on the cold ground, exposed to every blast through the sides, and every shower through the open roof of his wretched dwelling, which he does not even attempt to close till the approach of winter, and often not then. Under these distresses of extreme toil and exposure, debarred from every comfort,

many valuable lives have sunk, which have been charged to the climate.

The following specimen of American 'camping out, though more agreeable to our author than "the generality of taverns." (American taverns, we presume,) is by no means inviting; and we think there are but few European travellers, in the nineteenth century, who could record such another:—

"Our rear party, consisting of one of the ladies, a servant boy, and myself, were benighted, in consequence of accidental detention, at the foot of one of these rugged hills; and, without being well provided, were compelled to make our first experiment of 'camping out.'

"Our party having separated, the important articles of tinder and matches were in the baggage of the division which had proceeded; and as the night was rainy and excessively dark, we were for some time under some anxiety lest we should have been deprived of the comfort and security of a fire. Fortunately, my powder-flask was in my saddle-bags, and we succeeded in supplying the place of tinder, by moistening a piece of paper, and rubbing it with gunpowder. We placed our touch-paper on an old cambric handkerchief, as the most readily combustible article in our stores. On this we scattered gunpowder pretty copiously, and our flint and steel soon enabled us to raise a flame, and collecting dry wood, we made a noble fire. There was a mattress for the lady, a bear-skin for myself, and the load of the packhorse as a pallet for the boy. Thus, by means of great coats and blankets, and our umbrellas spread over our heads, we made our quarters comfortable; and placing ourselves to the leeward of the fire, with our feet towards it, we lay more at ease than in the generality of taverns."

We cannot take our leave of Mr. B.'s tract without recommending a little more attention to the language in which he professes to write. A cursory view of some of his most obnoxious sentences must naturally give the reader an idea that he was not only domiciliated, but that he was absolutely a native of *Yankee land*. "Boating," "horri-fying," and "immigration," though considered as *elegant English* on the banks of the Ohio, would be thought little better than "Carraboo," in a work professedly written for the information of London readers. From these remarks our sentiments on the merits of this work may be easily deduced; for we think, when divested of the particular turn of thought and argument which so generally pervades it, an hour might be spent over it for amusement, if not for information.

Endymion: a Poetic Romance. By John Keats. London, 1818. 8vo. pp. 207.

In this *poetizing age* we are led to look with an eye of suspicion on every work savouring of rhyme; especially if (as

in this case,) its author is but little known in the literary world. It was with this feeling that we took up the present volume, and we regret to add, that it remained undiminished for the first thirty lines; when, like the Great Chamberlain in the exquisite poem of Lalla Rookh, we began to elevate our critical eye-brows, and exclaim, "And this is poetry!" A few seconds, however, taught us, that this severity of criticism, like that of Fadladeen's, was premature; and the admiration we felt at the beautiful simplicity of the following lines, amply compensated for any previous defects in the versification:—

"Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own vallies: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rim'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished; but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, through flowers and weed."

The plot of the poem, to which the preceding passage is an introduction, is founded on a most beautiful portion of the Greek mythology. Endymion, Prince of Caria, reposing on Mount Latmos, is discovered by Diana, who causes a deep sleep to fall upon him: his dream, as related to his sister Peona, who seeks to discover the cause of his melancholy, evidently bespeaks its author to possess a vivid imagination and refined mind, though the verse is frequently irregular, and sometimes unmetrical:—

— "Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge;
And, lo! from opening clouds I saw emerge
The loveliest moon that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar

So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingle with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd
My sight right upward; but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orb'd brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the strings
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
More blue-ly vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies."—"Endymion, how strange!
Dream within dream!"—She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And press'd me by the hand: ah! 'twas too much:
Methought I fainted at the charmed touch;
I was distracted; madly did I kiss
The wooing arms that held me, and did give
My eyes at once to death: but 'twas to live,
To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
Of kind and passionate looks; to count and count
The moments, by some greedy help that seem'd,
A second self, that each might be redeem'd
And plunder'd of its load of blessedness.
Ah, desperate mortal! I ev'n dar'd to press
Her very cheek against my crown'd lip,
And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air: a moment more,
Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loiter'd around us; then of honey-cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells;
And once, above the edges of our nest,
An arch face peep'd—an Oread as I guess'd."

The following lines bear a strong analogy to a beautiful passage in the "Arabian Tales," in which Prince Ahmed is led, in search of an arrow, to the residence of the fairy Banou:—

— "Hurling my lance
From place to place, and following at chance,
At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck,
And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
In the middle of a brook,—whose silver ramble
Down twenty little falls, through reeds and brambles,
Tracing along, it brought me to a cave,
Whence it ran brightly forth, and white did lave
The nether side of mossy stones and rock,—
'Mong which it gurgled blythe adieus, to mock
Its own sweet grief at parting. Overhead
Hung a lush scene of drooping weeds, and spread
Thick, as to curtain up some wood-nymph's home.
'Ah, impious mortal! whither do I roam?"

Said I, low voic'd: 'Ah, whither! 'tis the grot
Of Proserpine, when hell, obscure and hot,
Doth her resign; and where her tender hands
She dabbles, on the cool and sluicy sands:
Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits
And babbles thorough silence, till her wits
Are gone in tender madness, and anon
Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone
Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
To sue her gentle ears, for whose fair head
Daily I pluck sweet flowerets from their bed,
And weave them dyingly—send honey—whispers
Round every leaf, that all those gentle lispers
May sigh my love unto her pitying!
O charitable echo! hear, and sing
This ditty to her!—tell her,—so I stay'd
My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid,
Stood stupefied with my own empty folly,
And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
Most fondly lipp'd, and then these accents came:
'Endymion! the cave is secreter
Than the Isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloys
And trembles through my labyrinthine hair.'
At that, oppress'd, I hurried in.—Ah! where
Are those swift moments? Whither are they fled?"

After having been led by a Naiad, in
search of the "fair unknown," to a
most beautiful cavern, he invokes the
assistance of Venus, who directs him
onward, and he is shortly wafted by an
eagle from the regions of "middle air"
to a delightful garden: his description
of this spot, and subsequent meeting
with Diana, is written with a warmth
of feeling, and a tenderness of expres-
sion, we seldom find exceeded even in
some of our most popular poets:—

"It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss. His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
Flew a delight half-graspable; his tread
Was Hesperian; to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres;
A dewy luxury was in his eyes;
The little flowers felt his pleasant sighs,
And stirr'd them faintly. Verdant cave and cell
He wander'd through, oft wondering at such swell
Of sudden exaltation: but, 'Alas!
Said he, 'will all this gush of feeling pass
Away in solitude? And must they wane,
Like melodies upon a sandy plain,
Without an echo? Then shall I be left
So sad, so melancholy, so bereft!
Yet still I feel immortal! O my love,
My breath of life, where art thou? High above,
Dancing before the morning-gates of heaven?
Or keeping watch among those starry seven,
Old Atlas' children? Art a maid of the waters,
One of shell-winding Triton's bright-hair'd daugh-
ters?"

Or art, impossible! a nymph of Dian's,
Weaving a coronal of tender scions
For very idleness? Whoe'er thou art,
Methinks it now is at my will to start
Into thine arms; to scare Aurora's train,
And snatch thee from the morning; o'er the main
To scud like a wild bird, and take thee off
From thy sea-foamy cradle; or to doff
Thy shepherd vest, and woo thee mid fresh leaves.
No, no, too eagerly my soul deceives
Its powerless self: I know this cannot be.
O let me then, by some sweet dreaming, flee
To her entrancements: hither sleep awhile!
Hither most gentle sleep! and soothing foil
For some few hours the coming solitude.
Thus spake he, and that moment felt enured

With power to dream deliciously; so wound
Through a dim passage, searching till he found
The smoothest mossy bed and deepest, where
He threw himself, and just into the air
Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss!
A naked waist: 'Fair Cupid, whence is this?'
A well-known voice sigh'd, 'Sweetest, here am I!
At which soft ravishment, with doating cry
They trembled to each other.—Helicon!
O fountain'd hill! Old Homer's Helicon!
That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet o'er
These sorry pages; then the verse would soar
And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
O'er his nested young: but all is dark
Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
Exhales in mists to heaven. Aye, the count
Of mighty Poets is made up; the scroll
Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand: our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the western skies:
The world has done its duty. Yet, oh! yet,
Although the sun of poesy is set,
These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
That there is no old power left to steep
A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
Long time in silence did their anxious fears
Question that thus it was; long time they lay
Fondling and kissing every doubt away;
Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
To mellow into words, and then there ran
Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips.
'O known unknown! from whom my being sips
Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
Be ever in these arms? in this sweet spot
Pillow my chin for ever? ever press
These toying hands and kiss their smooth excess?
Why not for ever and for ever feel
That breath about my eyes? Ah! thou wilt steal
Away from me again, indeed, indeed,—
Thou wilt be gone away, and wilt not heed
My lonely madness. Speak, my kindest fair!
Is—is it to be so? No! Who will dare
To pluck thee from me? And, of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still
Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
How can we part? Elysium! who art thou?
Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,
Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere?
Enchantress! tell me, by this soft embrace,
By the most soft completion of thy face,
Those lips, O slippery blisses! twinkling eyes,
And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties—
These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine,
The passion'—'O lov'd Ida the divine!
Endymion! dearest! ah, unhappy me!
His soul will 'scape us—O felicity!
How he does love! his poor temples beat
To the very tune of love—how sweet, sweet, sweet!
Revive, dear youth! or I shall faint and die;
Revive, or these soft hours will hurry by
In tranced dulness; speak, and let that spell
Affright this lethargy! I cannot quell
Its heavy pre-sure, and will press at least
My lips to thine, that they may richly feast
Until we taste the life of love again.
What! dost thou move? dost kiss? O bliss! O
pain!"

————— "Now a soft kiss—
Aye, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss,
An immortality of passion's thine:
Ere long I will exalt thee to the shine
Of heaven ambrosial; and we will shade
Ourselves whole summers by a river glade;
And I will tell thee stories of the sky,
And breathe thee whispers of its minstrelsy.
My happy love will overwing all bounds!
O let me melt into thee; let the sounds
Of our close voices marry at their birth;
Let us entwine hoveringly—O dearth
Of human words! roughness of mortal speech!
Lispings empyrean will I sometimes teach
Thine honied tongue—late-breathings, which I gasp
To have thee understand, now while I clasp

Thee thus, and weep for fondness—I am pain'd,
Endymion: woe! woe! is grief contain'd
In the very deeps of pleasure, my sole life!"—
Hereat, with many sobs, her gentle strife
Melted into a languor. He return'd
Entranced vows and tears.

Ye who have yearn'd
With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind unto a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught, as he was journeying
To Phœbus' shrine; and in it he did fling
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
And after, straight in that inspired place
He sang the story up into the air,
Giving it universal freedom. There
Has it been ever sounding for those ears
Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
You centinel stars; and he who listens to it,
Must surely be self-doom'd, or he will rue it:
For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
Should be engulfed in the eddying wind.
As much as here is penn'd doth always find
A resting place, thus much comes clear and plain;
Anon the strange voice is upon the wane—
And 'tis but echo'd from departing sound,
That the fair visitant at last unwound
Her gentler limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Journal of a Visit to South Africa, &c.
By the Rev. C. J. Latrobe, &c.

(Concluded from our last, p. 98.)

WE shall now proceed to give a further
account of Mr. Latrobe's work; and we
must again lament that our limits do
not admit more of the entertaining
matter contained in this volume. As a
striking example of manners, Mr. La-
trobe describes a visit to a Mr. Linde:—

"I had expected to find a man formerly
in the employ of government, as a com-
mander of Hottentots in the Caffre war, a
Veldcornat, and justly esteemed as a truly
respectable character throughout the coun-
try, inhabiting a well-built mansion; and I
was preparing a handsome apology for not
appearing in full dress, till I saw his miser-
able cottage and homely furniture. But
African and English ideas of suiting your
appearance to your rank widely differ; and
a man of consequence is here not less re-
spected for the shabbiness of his attire, or
the wretched and ruinous state of his house
and premises. Brother Bonaty was highly
diverted at my disappointment when Mr.
Linde entered, and though clad in an old
jacket and trowsers and barefoot, the ease
and urbanity of his manners showed him in
his true character, as a well-bred, intelligent
gentleman.—The wildness of the scenery
can scarcely be surpassed. Rocks of every
shape, weather-beaten and worn, pointed
and jagged, start on all sides to a great
height, one ridge towering above the other:
they are the haunts of hosts of baboons.
The prospect from the summit of the Kloof
over the fertile grounds of Hottentots-Hol-
land, and towards Simon's and Table-bay, is
delightful."

On the 5th of March, Mr. Latrobe
and his party commenced their recon-

noitring journey in search of a suitable situation for a new settlement. In fording the Bneffiljagd's Revier, the following description is given:—

"At one of the fords an ox, becoming wild, disengaged himself from the yoke; but we were in a most romantic place, in which some detention was not unpleasant. While the Hottentots were pursuing the frightened beast, the waggons remaining stationary in the stream, we contemplated with delight the surrounding scenery. To the right, the water rushed forward between steep, woody banks, in the deep shade of overspreading trees, towards a range of low hills, enclosing the valley to the south. To the left, rose a dark, gloomy forest, ascending a deep kloof, between perpendicular rocks, and stretching along the foot of the mountains, whose tops were enveloped in black clouds, rendered more frowning as contrasted with the splendour of a bright sun in the west, beautifully lighting up every part of the valley, while the sides of the mountains were buried in shade. The river seemed to fly from the dark recesses of the kloof towards a milder region. Close by the ford lay the skeleton of an ox; wolves, tigers, and jackalls, having feasted on its flesh: having secured the wild ox, we proceeded. Tigers and wolves now and then commit depredations; wild buffalos are sometimes seen; but wild dogs are numerous, and most to be dreaded. A wolf hunts only at night, is cowardly, and may be guarded against in various ways; but the wild dogs go in troops, and hunt day and night: they attack every living animal, and the "dread of man" is but slight upon them. Not long ago a troop of them hunted a roebuck into a farmer's premises; he sallied forth with his gun to drive off the pursuers, but was instantly attacked by the dogs, and his life with difficulty saved by his people. Porcupines are numerous; serpents creep into the poultry-yards and houses and do much mischief. Our host getting up in the dark, and walking into the hall, felt something like a rope about his legs; on calling for a light, he discovered it to be a yellow serpent: had he accidentally trod upon it, he would have been bitten by the venomous reptile. The description of Kayman's Gat, which we had heard, was by no means exaggerated. The view of the glen is both magnificent and terrific; the road slopes down gradually through a thicket, with large trees interspersed. A deep ravine to the right receives the brook, Zwart Revier; which, rushing over precipitous rocks below the road and out of sight, causes a great roaring of hidden waters. It is not so much the steepness which renders the passage of Kayman's Gat so dangerous, as the extreme unevenness of the road. It being ebb-tide, we passed the Kayman's Revier, which flows into the Indian Ocean without difficulty. The view of the glen from below is majestic: the steeps on both sides are clothed with a noble forest. A deep chasm, or rent, receiving the Zwart Revier, as above described, divides the bank, and forms the Gat, or crocodile's cove; in the dark recesses of which a small water-fall glistens, by the admission of some faint light from above. It is said that formerly crocodiles were found here in great numbers."

Mr. Latrobe proceeds very minutely to detail the circumstances of his journey, and gives an interesting and fearful description of the mountainous passages of Trekatackaw and the Paerdekop, enlivened by drawings of each. "Let no one complain of the passage of Hottentot-Holland's kloof, who has passed over these roads, or rather plunged up and down these precipices." Their waggons were with great difficulty, labour, and time, dragged up the mountains by sixteen oxen. These heights abound in botanical curiosities; and are clothed with aloes, and other larger plants. Elephants, wild boars, wolves, tigers, and antelopes, haunt these desolate regions. The party generally spent the night at the house of some farmer, or in their tent, or waggons:—

"The bountiful Creator has been pleased to clothe this country, unproductive as it generally is in means of subsistence for man and beast, with an astonishing profusion of vegetable beauty. Hardly a spot exists, upon which some curious plant does not rear its head; and in the midst of this brown desert we see the magnificent chandelier, or red star-flower, measuring from four to five inches to a foot and half, in the spread of its rays, growing luxuriantly amongst stones and sand. The elegant, but troublesome mimosa, occupies the greatest part of the wood, so as to render it, in some part, impervious. The woods about the Chamtoos and Lauri Reviers are said to abound in wild beasts, and the very appearance suggests that idea. The hills, which are not high, are full of singular caverns and broken rocks."

A beautiful valley, on the Witte Revier, having been recommended for the new Moravian settlement, our travellers bent their course thither:—

"The sun shone bright, and the morning showers had given new brilliancy to the rich verdure. We were charmed with the variety of trees and bushes through which we rode; and noticed several large butterflies, with wings of the richest azure, sporting in the sun. The river, which we crossed several times at fording places, darkened by the shade of lofty trees, runs with a rapid stream over a stony bed, here and there dipping under heaps of stones. But much as we were pleased, and almost enchanted, with the beauty of the glen; Brother Schmitt at first objected to its narrow width, till we had penetrated about a quarter of a mile into it, when it spread considerably, the hills receding on both sides: to the left, they are high and full of kloofs, containing large timber. About the middle of the vale, our attention being arrested by the appearance of a high red rock, we turned towards it, and found it rising perpendicularly beyond a large sheet of water. Both in and out of the wood we had discovered abundant traces of elephants. It would be tedious to attempt to particularize all the various beautiful objects surrounding this place; but we all agreed that it was one of the most singular spots we had

seen during the whole journey. To the right, a steep woody bank terminates in a high black rock; on which stood a tall tree, spreading its branches above the rest: under this tree Mr. Sheper had placed a seat, and there found a safe retreat, from whence he might fire at elephants passing through his premises, without danger of attack from them. This beautiful valley is indeed, at present, the habitation of several wild animals; but would cease to be so if inhabited by more human beings. We were told, that some time ago a soldier, walking alone, came suddenly upon an elephant: whether the soldier made the attack or not is not known; but the elephant, after treading off his leg and thigh, threw the body into the bushes. The limb, trodden to pieces, was found in the road, with his cap and accoutrements, but not the body till after some days. The elephant and rhinoceros consider large bushes no more as impediments to their progress, than a man does a tuft of grass in a field. At Kournay, the cattle had just been secured in different kraals, but one unfortunate young cow had strayed and could not be found. During the night, the bellowing of the poor beast proved that she was suffering from the jaws of a ferocious monster: this proved to be a wolf, and in the morning her mangled carcass was found."

After inspecting another favourable spot for a settlement, near Somerset, the party resolved to return from thence to Guadenthal:—

"During my stay at Mr. H.'s, I noticed a trap-floor, better built, and larger than I had yet seen. This is a circular piece of ground, surrounded by a low wall, and made as hard as a threshing-floor, into which the corn is put, and the grain trodden out by from ten to twenty or more horses, driven round it, in a sharp trot. Whether this is a mode better calculated to secure the crop than threshing, or a barbarous, wasteful custom, founded on prejudice, the straw being thus destroyed and lost, I leave better judges to determine."

"Our noticing a tame baboon in the premises of Mr. Rutter, led him to tell the following story:—Doing duty at the Castle of Capetown, he kept one of these comical animals for his amusement. One evening it broke its chain, unknown to him. In the night, climbing up into the belfry, it began to play with and ring the bell. Immediately the whole place was in an uproar; some great danger was apprehended. Many thought that the castle was on fire; others, that an enemy had entered the bay, and the soldiers began to turn out,—when it was discovered that his baboon had caused the disturbance. On the following morning a court-martial was held, when Cape justice dictated, that whereas Master Rutter's Baboon had unnecessarily put the castle into alarm, its master should receive fifty lashes: 'but,' added he, 'amongst these mountains, and under British government, I hope that my baboon and I may make as much noise as we please, without either of us endangering his back.' We heard some curious anecdotes of the wild horses in the Attaqua-Kloof: our host once followed a young filly of that description, and had nearly come up with it, when he was charged with great fury

by the wild stallion, and obliged to quit his horse. The stallion seized his horse by the mane with his teeth, and threw him down; but, satisfied with his victory, ran off with the filly. Both the wild horse and the quagga are a match for the tame horse."

On the 11th of May the party once more entered their peaceable settlement of Guadenthal, of which a plate is given. On Whitsunday, about three hundred and fifty persons, belonging to the Moravian settlement, partook of the holy sacrament. "I could not help drawing a comparison between the condition of these Hottentots and that of the poor, squalid, and ignorant wretches I had seen during my late journey. And these had been in the same state, but for the preaching of the gospel." On the 11th of June Mr. Latrobe quitted Guadenthal; and describes with much feeling the regret of the inhabitants on parting with him and his, in leaving those to whom he was united in affection and faith. Two hundred Hottentots assembled in the grove; and on his entering the waggon they began, with one voice, to sing their farewell hymn. The whole missionary family, and about one hundred and fifty Hottentots, accompanied him beyond the Sonderend, where placing themselves in a semicircle, they sang another farewell hymn, and finally bade adieu. Hearing that the Palmite Revier was impassable, we drove to the bridge, which is of wood, and the only one in South Africa:—

"The eastern approach to the top of Hottentot-Hollands-Kloof is guarded on each side by fragments of rock, thrown into a variety of fanciful groups and odd shapes. The road down the western declivity, though irremediably steep, has been much improved by the English. The adjoining precipices are rugged in the extreme, but every spot is covered with a profusion of curious shrubs and plants. The sugar bush grows here in great plenty, and, with its magnificent starry flower, adorns the wild region."

Mr. Latrobe relates a rencontre between Brother Schmitt, one of the missionaries, and a tiger, in a wood near Groene Kloof; which, though published in some of their accounts, cannot fail to prove interesting to many readers. This happened in 1811; and as Mr. Latrobe visited the spot in company with Mr. Smith, and heard him there relate it:—

"Wolves having done much mischief at Groene Kloof, an attempt was made to destroy them. For that purpose, the missionaries, Bonaty and Schmitt, with thirty Hottentots, set out early in the morning towards the Lanwesklouf hill. One of these animals was seen, and lamed by a shot, but escaped and entered the bushes. The Hottentots followed, and called to the missionaries, that the wolf was in the thicket. Brother Schmitt rode

back, and, alighting, entered with a Hottentot of the name of Philip Moses. The dog started some animal, which those within the thicket could not see; but the Hottentots on the outside perceiving it to be a tiger, called aloud to the missionary to return. He, therefore, with Philip, began the retreat backwards, pointing his gun, and ready to fire, in case the animal made its appearance. Suddenly a tiger sprang forwards, but from a quarter not expected, and, by a flying leap over the bushes, fastened upon the Hottentot, seizing his nose and face with claws and teeth. I measured the distance from whence the tiger made his spring, to that on which the Hottentot stood, and found it full twenty feet, over bushes from six to eight feet high. Brother Schmitt observed, that had it not been for the horror of the scene, it would have been an amusing sight, to behold the enraged creature fly, like a bird, over that length of ground and bushes, with open jaw and lashing tail, screaming with violence. Poor Philip was thrown down, and, in the conflict, lay now upon, now under the tiger. The missionary might easily have effected his escape, but his own safety never entered his thoughts,—duty and pity made him instantly run forwards to the assistance of the sufferer. He pointed his gun, but the motions both of the Hottentot and tiger, in rolling about and struggling, were so swift, that he durst not venture to pull the trigger, lest he should injure Philip. The tiger perceiving him take aim, instantly quitted his hold, worked himself from under the Hottentot, and flew like lightning upon Brother Schmitt. As the gun was of no use in such close quarters, he let it fall, and presented his left arm to shield his face. The tiger seized it with his jaw,—Brother Schmitt, with the same arm, catching one of his paws, to prevent his outstretched claws from reaching his body. With the other paw, however, the tiger continued striking towards his breast, and tearing his clothes. Both fell in the scuffle, and, providentially, in such a position, that the missionary's knee came to rest on the pit of the tiger's stomach. At the same time, he grasped the animal's throat with his right-hand, keeping him down with all his might. The seizure of his throat made the tiger instantly quit his hold, but not before brother Schmitt had received another bite, nearer the elbow. His face lay right over that of the tiger's, whose open mouth, from the pressure of the windpipe, sent forth the most hideous, hoarse, and convulsive groans, while his starting eyes, like live coals, seemed to flash with fire. In this situation, brother Schmitt called aloud to the Hottentots, to come to his rescue, for his strength was fast failing, rage and agony supplying to the animal extraordinary force in his attempts to disengage himself. The Hottentots at last ventured to enter the thicket; and one of them, snatching the loaded gun, presented it, and shot the tiger, under the missionary's hand, right through the heart. Brother Schmitt and Philip were materially injured in the conflict."

On the 2d of Sept. Mr. Latrobe took leave of his friends at Groenekloof; and afterwards visited Constantia, so famous for its wines. The situation on the Witte river was finally determined upon for the new settlement. On the

17th of October Mr. Latrobe set sail, in the Zebra, for England; and on the 28th went on shore at St. Helena. The account of this extraordinary island is one of the most interesting parts of the publication; but having already exceeded our limits, we must refer the reader to the book itself. After a stay of three days he again set sail, and on the 7th inspected Ascension Island. On the 10th of Dec. the Zebra anchored at Spithead; and on the 13th Mr. Latrobe arrived in London, after a swift and prosperous voyage. As this book is a "Journal," there cannot be much connection expected, neither has it any pretension to research or science; but it is a faithful account of an interesting part of the world, and gives a statement of the animal, vegetable, and mineral curiosities, with which that region abounds. Some objections against its general circulation have been made, on the score that it is a "missionary book." This is a mistaken appellation; it contains nothing more concerning the particular sect to which Mr. Latrobe belongs, than every reader, desiring general information, will be pleased to become acquainted with.

Mandeville: a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By William Godwin, 3 vols. 12mo. 1818.

RICH and forcible conceptions, a nervous and animated diction, intuitive knowledge of the human heart, and that power of realizing the conceptions of fancy, which gives all the interest of biography to fictions the most improbable; these are the characteristics of the genius of Mr. Godwin; these constitute the charm which attaches us to productions

"Wise to no end, and to no purpose great."

In "Caleb Williams," the preposterous portrait of an honourable and high-minded assassin was forced upon us as an object of sympathy and admiration; in "Fleetwood," the most selfish, credulous, and tyrannical, of human beings was held forth as the interesting victim of sensibility and refinement; and in Mandeville, we behold the exhibition, indeed a very masterly one, of the wreck and ruin of a human mind, corroded by the indulgence of bad passions, and impelled to madness and despair by a coincidence of the most unfortunate events aided by the conspirations of agents, endued with the malice and preter-natural influence which our remote ancestors supposed malignant fiends to exercise upon their devoted human prey.

The narrative proceeds slowly, in the most inartificial manner, undiversified

by episodes, unembellished by portraits of character, or descriptions of scenery, throughout three volumes of unmitigated interest and distress, and leaves us, at the end, uncertain of the state and position of the latter years of the hero, who is his own historian.

The present epoch of literary talent, so fertile in writers of fictitious biography, could not, we apprehend, supply any other writer whose genius could sustain the weight of such an eventless story of the devastation of one solitary and wretched mind, without sinking into dulness and insipidity. Mr. Godwin always interests, and sometimes astonishes; but does he ever instruct us? Does he ever aspire to lay out to the best interest the talent bestowed on him? Does he ever feel conscious of the high responsibility entailed upon the possessors of superior genius? Does he not rather chill the "ardour" of virtue, and shake the "confidence" of truth, by endeavouring to represent the lot of man in society as irremediably wretched and helpless, oppressed by passions which it is impossible to control, and crushed by the pressure of events which render it vain to struggle with fortitude, or bend with resignation.

Mr. G. sometimes speaks of religion, but we fear that he touches with an unhallowed hand the ark of our hopes. He shows us bigotry in her most odious shapes, and with a pen of fire portrays the crimes and the miseries she creates: but his virtues, whenever he *does* refresh us with the exhibition of any thing amiable or kindly, are simply the virtues of pagans.

Mandeville possesses in a greater degree all the beauties and all the defects of Mr. Godwin's former novels. Less philosophical than St. Leon, it has by no means the vivid interest of Caleb Williams, but it is less reprehensible in the character and tone of its details than Fleetwood. According to the ideas we usually annex to the term, this book can by no means be called a novel. It is the narrative of those impressions which fostered and developed the incipient seeds of insanity, in a youth of strong passions and "o'erweening pride."

The portraiture of Audley Mandeville, who, from the effects of a disappointment in love, pined away thirty years in absolute silence, idleness, and solitude, we look on as a caricature too far removed from all probability to excite much interest.

The chronicles of madness can alone be useful when closely and accurately

drawn from real life, in order to assist medical practitioners in their treatment of this inexplicable visitation of the mind. To wantonly dwell on such afflicting subjects, and make them the source and aim of our speculations in theory, is neither serviceable to others, nor safe to ourselves.

All the heroes of Godwin think intensely of their feelings; and little of their duties. They consider other human beings solely as agents, to influence or to be influenced by themselves, and never as fellow-creatures; co-heirs of immortality, whose virtues are to be imitated, whose frailties are to be pitied. We believe that the reverse of these habits of reflection will conduct us to that wisdom, which talent, undirected by the moral principle, may embellish, but cannot teach.

N.

Original Correspondence.

THE CALEIDOSCOPE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—As every thing connected with the making of that very ingenious instrument the Kaleidoscope, must be interesting to the greater portion of your readers, I beg leave to suggest what I conceive would be an improvement of the first importance in its construction. The reflectors are now fixed at a given angle, which angle cannot be altered without the instrument passing through the hands of a professional man: this evil may be remedied with very little additional trouble to the maker. It is merely necessary to have an adjusting screw pass through the tube, or case, that covers the instrument; the point of which will press against the back surface of the inclined plane. The two planes may be laid within a groove*, or jointed; if the latter, the joint must be made with considerable accuracy, or it will materially injure the effect produced by the instrument. Supposing the planes to be made of glass, the joint must be formed of some elastic substance cemented to the back of the reflectors; but if of metal, it may be of the same material.

The advantages resulting from this improved construction of the Kaleidoscope are twofold: the great facility with which the reflectors can be set to any given angle, and the consequent increase, or diminution, of the number of sectors shown in the circle, without altering the position of the objects contained in the tube.

Yours, &c. SCIENTIFICUS.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S PICTURES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—A publication adapted, as yours is, to notices of the Fine Arts, has a delightful

* The method of confining the planes in a groove is by far the most simple, and consequently the most eligible: if this means is adopted, the spring for distending the planes must be made to press against the inside of the tube.

duty to perform in recording the patriotism and liberality of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart., whose splendid gallery has been shown every Monday in April and May, to visitors of rank and talent, that they may be stimulated to benefit the arts, by employing their means so nobly to the patronage of native genius; and that artists may receive, while they can enjoy it, the reward which reputation can bestow, in the acknowledgment of pleasure and information obtained from their works.

The gallery is composed entirely of pictures by British artists. The public spirit which could induce the noble collector to break the trammels of connoisseurship and anti-contemporaneism, cannot be too highly appreciated; and if he be ever surpassed in the employment of means to the same purpose, the fostering of native talent, he has still the proud distinction of having been the first to surmount a prejudice as unjust as it was unpatriotic.

The pleasure which he must have observed to beam in the countenances of his visitors, does not spring merely from an admiration of his patriotism; the works he has collected as decidedly evince his taste: for there is scarcely a picture in the gallery which does not appeal to our understandings and our sympathies, and leave the impression of pleasure in the conscious excitation of our best feelings. Let any person, who has visited a collection of the old masters, Lord Stafford's*, for instance, charge his memory with the recollection of five pictures whose merits were not confined to a display of the means, the technicalities of art!—The Cleveland Gallery is a fashionable lounge, where visitors, who are artists, study the means of art from the colouring of some, and the *chiaro-scuro* of others; and those who are not artists, pass through and admire, but never FEEL. In those pictures, the dexterities of the artists only are evident: of these some beautiful specimens are there, from the *bravura* excellences of Rubens, to the minute finishing of G. Dow. Yet, has any thing but admiration been felt? Has a single sympathy been excited? Has the employment of the colouring of Titian, or the powers of the Caracci, in the specimens there, created an interest in a monkish legend, or in a group employed, nobody knows on what, or cares how? If any remarks be elicited there, are they not in the usual cant of critical admiration, uttered, without fear of contradiction, in unfeeling and commonplace truisms? Such pictures, if painted in the present day, would remain on the artist's hands; and many of them, particularly the beastly vulgarities of the Dutch school, would, if selected by English artists, compromise, and deservedly lose their reputation: the least interesting picture of Wilkie, or Mulready, or Collins, is infinitely superior to any Dutch picture within our recollection, though, in mere execution, it may be inferior. It is to the credit of the British public, that subjects which degrade humanity are discouraged in the English school. At Sir John

* There is no reflection on the noble Marquess's taste intended, by selecting his collection: it was left to him by the Duke of Bridgewater. His Lordship's taste and patriotism is evinced by his annual purchases of modern pictures at the British Gallery.

Leicester's, the taste, refinement, and feeling of British artists, may be observed in their works. Let the visitors there see, among others, Howard's Descent of the Pleiades, and feel the artist's power to abstract them, by the poetry of his mind and pencil, from surrounding objects, to revel in the creations of his fancy; let them look at Louthembourg's picture, and sympathize with the feelings of the ruined peasant's family, and shudder at the horrid effects of an Alpine torrent; let them enjoy the coast, scenery, and freshness of the sea air with Collins, who introduces them to the habits of young fishermen in their element: these are some of the pictures which form this delightful gallery. Those who have visited it, have left it with regret: they have not performed a fashionable duty, to display the *hocus pocus* of connoisseurship, in critical admiration or abuse: they have enjoyed the exercise of poetical or social feelings, and reluctantly parted with the causes of their excitement.

More benefit will result to British art from this display of native talent and native patriotism, than from all the establishments which have been hitherto devised for its promotion; for, in all these, British art and artists have been made to rank below the trash in old collections: every possessor of these combats for the excellence and unrivalled merit of the old schools; for if they sink to their true rank, the fortunes expended, and credit for taste of their possessors, sink with them.

Sir John Leicester deserves the admiration and gratitude of his country, and will obtain it, for the good sense, which could not be trammelled by prejudice, and the liberal resolution to foster and display that native talent, which it is fashionable to decry, and which pretenders to taste despise. W.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I observe with pleasure the notice you have taken of the subject of emigration to America, and have no doubt, from your zeal and ability, you could furnish some valuable information, which would prove extremely beneficial to the numerous emigrants, who are departing from all parts of the country.

I conceive it would be an act of great philanthropy, to furnish these poor people with correct information of the comparative advantages of emigration to the United States, or Upper Canada: information similar to that of Mr. Birkbeck, of the soil, climate, price of lands, of the latter province would be highly important. Several authors esteem the soil and climate superior to most of the States of America: indeed the advantages seem sufficiently apparent by the numerous emigrations of the Americans to Canada; not less than sixty thousand families are supposed to have settled there within these five years*.

If this state of things continue, the British emigrating to the United States, and the Americans to Canada, we must naturally expect, in the event of a war with America, the total loss of the province, with so many thousand enemies settled in the heart of it, and having a strong predilec-

tion for the republican government. The loss of the province, though very important in itself, would dwindle into nothing in comparison with the expenses and misfortunes attending a desultory warfare with an enemy so very superior in numerical strength and resources to their ancestors, who opposed us with so much success: an American war as disastrous as the first, might prove the irretrievable ruin of the country.

An early notice of this will much oblige a subscriber, and

A WELLWISHER TO EMIGRATION.
April 14th, 1818.

AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, &c.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The secret of the author of Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, and Rob Roy, is still kept*. It is an error to attribute them to Mr. Walter Scott, who is certainly the author of The Tales of my Landlord. That the former works and this are by different persons, has been known some time. The Tales of my Landlord were never acknowledged by the author of Waverley, &c., though he regularly stated, in successive works, his previous publications. Nor did the author of The Tales of my Landlord ever claim the authorship of The Antiquary, &c.

Yours, P. H.

PLAN OF FINANCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Sympathizing in the distresses of my fellow-creatures, and feeling for the arduous situation in which ministers are placed, induced me to suggest a Plan of Finance, and submit it to Government, to give a mortal blow to the National Debt, and distressing taxation, advising the issue of paper, without interest, on a large scale; to which, by continual study, I have found some objections: those being removed, I flatter myself this plan will be approved of, not only in this country, but copied on the continent; as it will benefit all parties in proportion to their circumstances, and finally prevent forever the degrading necessity of Government giving the Bank Company its paper with interest, and taking the Bank Company's without, in exchange. Was there ever such an absurdity? Is it not an insult to the understanding? How ill it accords with the boasted glory of the nation! The reason assigned for all this is, that originally it was badly arranged; and that Government, being so interwoven with the Bank Company, it cannot do otherwise than continue the same shocking system: but I say no; there is a remedy for every evil, except death. If my information be correct, the national debt is about one thousand millions, which should be reduced as speedily as possible for the general good: to effect which, Government should issue 5, or rather 10 per cent of said amount in Exchequer-bills, without interest, and pay their general demands with the same proportion of said Exchequer-bills, including the Bank Company, the Exchequer-bills with interest, the Sinking Fund, Dividends, &c.; so that all demands may be upon an equal footing: and in all commercial transactions, it should be paid and received in the same

proportion, with two exceptions: first, that Government should receive it solely for its taxes, duties, &c.; secondly, if Government should only issue 5 per cent, the smallest of these Exchequer-bills, without interest, should be £25 each; but should it issue 10 per cent, then the smallest should be £50, and as much higher as is thought proper, so as not to interfere with the small trader. This paper will be circulated chiefly in the vicinity of the Exchange, and will not be subject to forgery. There will be many wiseacres who will say, if Government should issue so much paper, the circulation will be so great, as to reduce the value like the French assignats: to which I answer,—the assignats were in small amounts, and made by a weak government, divested of confidence: these Exchequer-bills are only to be exchanged for other paper, bearing interest, and, consequently, will reduce the quantity of paper, as well as the national debt. It cannot make a difference to any individual, whether his banker deposits for him bank-notes or exchequer-bills, without interest, if the one pass equal in value to the other: the affluent will not only pass them for their taxes, but their tradesmen will be glad of them solely; and instead of reducing the confidence of the nation, it will be increased; for this mode will show how the national debt will be reduced, and do away with the existing one, which only promises an increase. One of the grand effects will be seen immediately it is known: the 3 per cent consols will rise to £100, by one or two steps only, and all other stock in proportion: next, ministers will be enabled to take off some of the most grievous taxes from the poor, and will not be under the necessity of calling in the 5 per cents just now, as it would be a grievance to many holders who were unacquainted with the conditions of the said stock when first created. The Bank Company are the only people who could possibly object to this plan, should they be greedily inclined. I say so, because they have reaped such great harvests from the public, that they would have the least right to find fault; particularly so, when they are put on the same footing as the whole nation, exclusive of their being allowed to circulate their notes as usual, they will only have occasion to pay and receive a portion of said Exchequer-bills for Government as aforesaid; and soon it will be seen, that they will pass, either together or separately, without distinction; for certainly Government have now the same power of reducing the national debt, as they had before of heaping riches on the Bank Company; and as fast as they receive it back, the Sinking Fund will take it away.

SOLOMON GOMES DA COSTA.

Nelson-Cottage, Stoke-Newington.

RECENT VOYAGE TO LABRADOR.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—As the public curiosity is at present much excited, respecting the Northern regions, your readers may, perhaps, be gratified by an extract from a Moravian Missionary account of a voyage to Hop dale, on the coast of Labrador, during last summer. The slight intercourse which exists between Europeans, and the Esquimaux, and North American Indians, so little facilitated by commerce, or any other advantage that a

* See Colonial Journal, No. V.

* See Literary Journal, No. VII, p. 103.

more productive climate might effect, renders communications from the Moravian Missionaries particularly desirable; they are generally men of enlightened minds, and always of veracity. Living amongst a race of people naturally indolent and heavy, and patiently persevering in the endeavour of shedding rays of light upon their benighted minds, by inculcating religion, morals, manners, industry, and improvements, they appear to be the clearest channel through which accurate and extended information can be obtained respecting these our Northern fellow mortals. Captains of whalers, and other vessels, though they probably have more minutely investigated the polar navigation, cannot be expected to reap as much information of the shore and its inhabitants, as a perpetual residence affords to the inquiring and reflective mind of the Missionary, who forsakes his friends and country, and nearly every comfort, and devotes the services of his life to the improvement of an ignorant race, brutalized in habits, disgusting in manners, and slow in comprehension: that much labour is lost cannot be denied, yet if they have not always the satisfaction of finding their laudable endeavours of spreading Christianity as effective as they could wish, yet civilization tends to correct the moral system, and is the master-key of every improvement: in this they have gained much ground. These observations do not so much refer to the voyage before me, as to some other very interesting details, which may, at a future opportunity, be inserted in your paper, if this meets your approbation. Much information has been transmitted by this society relative to the coast, the inhabitants, and scanty produce of Greenland and Labrador. M. D. F.

An Abstract of the Journal of the Voyage of the Brother G. Knoch and his Wife, and the single Brethren, Körner and Beck, (Missionaries of the United Brethren,) in the Brig Jemima, from London to Labrador, 1817.

After describing the circumstances alluding to their departure from London on the 2d of June, and the voyage to the Orkneys, as having been remarkably favourable, he proceeds:—"We arrived at Stromness on the 12th of June. Our abode in that place was rendered very pleasant by the kindness we experienced from many friends, among whom was the minister of the town. On the 14th we set sail, and had pleasant weather, with variable winds and calms. On the 24th we were half way between Great Britain and Labrador, and pleased ourselves with the prospect of an expeditious voyage. Many sword-fishes and porpoises played about the ship: of the latter, the shoals were so numerous, that the sea seemed to swarm with them in all directions.

"Between the 4th and 5th of July we heard and saw many ice-birds. This bird is about the size of a starling,—black, with white and yellow spots,—and is met with about two hundred English miles from the Labrador coast. When the sailors hear it, they know that they are not far from the ice. It flies about the ship chiefly in the night, and is known by its singular voice, which resembles a loud laugh.

"On the 6th the weather was remarkably fine. In the afternoon the wind shifted to the south-east, and, during the night, brought

us into the ice. We tacked, and stood off and on.

"7th. The morning was cold and rainy. In all directions drift-ice was to be seen. In the afternoon it cleared up a little, and we entered an opening in the ice, looking like a bay. The continual roaring and rustling of the ice reminded us of the noise made by the carriages in the streets of London, when one is standing in the golden gallery of St. Paul's cathedral. The mountains and large flakes of ice take all manner of singular forms, some resembling castles, others churches, waggons, and even creatures of various descriptions. As we, or they, changed positions, the same objects acquired quite a different appearance; and what had before appeared like a church, looked like a huge floating monster. Sitting on deck, and contemplating these wonderful works of God, I almost lost myself in endeavouring to solve the question,—'For what purpose these exhibitions are made, when so few can behold them, as they so soon vanish, by returning to their former fluid and undefined state?' But surely every thing is done with design, though short-sighted man cannot comprehend it. Having in vain exerted ourselves to penetrate through the ice, we returned at night into the open sea.

"8th. The wind was north, and strong, and we hoped that it would open a way for us to Hopedale, for we were in the latitude of that place.

"From the 9th to the 13th we were continually on different tacks, sometimes on the outside, and again among the ice, with various kinds of weather.

"13th. Towards evening we discovered an ice-mountain of immense height and length, flat at its top. As we approached it, we were enveloped in a thick fog, and could not see a yard from the ship, which increased the danger we were in of running foul of it, and being lost, especially as the wind was in a direction, that it appeared scarcely possible to keep clear, the ship being likewise beset on all sides with fields of ice. In about an hour's time the fog dispersed, and we perceived that we had just passed by at a short distance.

"14th. Land was discovered a-head. It was the coast of Labrador, sixty or eighty miles south of Hopedale. We were close to the ice; and as a small opening presented itself, the captain ventured to push in, hoping, if he could penetrate, to find open water between the ice and the coast. For some time we got nearer to the land, but were obliged at night to fasten the ship with two grapnels to a large field. This was elevated about five or six feet above the water's edge, and between fifty and sixty feet in thickness below it. It might be three hundred feet in diameter, flat at the top, and as smooth as a meadow covered with snow. The wind has but little power over such huge masses, and they move very slowly with the current. There are small streams and pools of fresh water found in all those large pieces. Our situation now defended us against the smaller flakes, which rushed by, and were turned off by the larger field, without reaching the ship. We were all well pleased with our place of refuge, and lay here three whole days, with the brightest weather, and as safe as in the most commodious haven: but I

cannot say that I felt easy, though I hid my anxiety from the party. I feared that a gale of wind might overtake us in this situation, and carry fields larger than that at which we lay, when the most dreadful consequences might ensue; and the sequel proved, that I was not much mistaken.

"On the 17th the wind came round to the south, and we conceived fresh hopes of the way being rendered open for us.

"18th. The weather was clear, and the wind in our favour; we therefore took up our grapnel, got clear of our floating haven, and again endeavoured to penetrate through some small openings. Both we and the ship's company were peculiarly impressed with gratitude for the protection and rest we had enjoyed; and the warmth of a summer's sun felt very comfortable among these masses of ice. The clearness of the atmosphere on that day caused them to appear singularly picturesque. It seemed as if we were surrounded by immense white walls and towers. In the afternoon we had penetrated to the open water, between the ice and the land; but we durst not venture nearer, as the sea is here full of sunken rocks, and the captain knew of no harbours on this part of the coast. Having found another large piece of ice convenient for the purpose, we fastened the ship to it. In the evening a thick fog overspread us from the north-east, and we were again surrounded by the ice, which was, however, soon after dispersed by a strong north-west wind.

"In the night between the 19th and 20th, we were driven back by a strong current to nearly the same situation we had left on the 17th, only somewhat nearer the coast. On the 20th the morning was fine, and we vainly endeavoured to get clear; but towards evening the sky lowered, and it grew very dark. The air also felt so oppressive, that we all went to bed, and every one of us was troubled with uneasy dreams. At midnight we heard a great noise on deck. We hastened thither to know the cause, and found the ship driving fast towards a huge ice-mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost; but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was excessively cold, with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro, at the mercy of the ice, till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field. But all this was only the prelude to greater terrors. Deliverance from danger is so gratifying, that it raises one's spirits above the common level. We made a hearty breakfast, and entered again into our cabins. At one, the cook, in his usual boisterous way, roused us by announcing dinner, and putting a large piece of pork and a huge pudding upon the table, of which we silently partook,—every one buried in thought, or only half awake. Shortly after, the wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually, till it turned into a furious storm. Topmasts were lowered, and every thing done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice-mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving, without the power to turn aside. Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which

we were fastened, with great swiftness approaching towards the mountain; nor did there appear the smallest hope of our escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance, that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation; for if we had but touched the mountain, we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapnel. The ship also sustained some damage; but we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large fields of ice, which floated all around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The following night was dreadfully dark, the heavens covered with the blackest clouds, driven by a furious wind: the roaring and the howling of the ice, as it moved along, the fields shoving and dashing against each other, was truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made again to fasten the ship to some large field; and the second mate, a clever young man, full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off, and, upon such fields as approached us, endeavoured to fasten a grapnel to them,—but in vain; and we even lost another grapnel on this occasion. The storm, indeed, dispersed the ice, and made openings in several places; but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming; for when the ship got into open water, her motion became more rapid by the power of the wind, and, consequently, the blows she received from the ice more violent. Whenever, therefore, we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every five or ten minutes, and sometimes oftener; and the longer she remained exposed to the wind, the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every stroke, we tried the pumps, whether we had sprung a leak; but the Lord kept his hand over us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation, we offered up fervent prayers to Him, who alone is able to save, and besought Him, that if it were his divine will that we should end our lives amongst the ice, he would soon take us to Himself, nor let us die a miserable death, with cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

"It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night, in which we expected every approaching ice-field to be fraught with death. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice; all seemed as a dream: we now ventured to carry some sail, with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become

leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pump going, with only about ten minutes rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down, he immediately fell asleep.

"During the afternoon the wind abated, and towards evening it fell calm. A thick mist ensued, which, however, soon dispersed, when we found ourselves near a high rock, towards which the current was fast carrying us. We were now in great danger of suffering shipwreck among the rocks; but, by God's mercy, the good management of our captain succeeded in steering clear of them; and after sunset the heavens were clear of clouds. A magnificent north light illumined the horizon; and, as we were again amongst floating pieces of ice, its brightness enabled us to avoid them. I retired to rest, but after midnight was roused by the cracking noise made by the ice against the vessel. In an instant I was on deck, and found that we were forcing our way through a quantity of floating ice, out of which we soon again got into open water. The wind also turned in our favour, and carried us swiftly forward towards the Hopedale shore. Every one on board was again in full expectation of soon reaching the end of our voyage, and ready to forget all former troubles. But, alas! arriving at the same spot from which we had been driven yesterday, we found our way a-new blocked up with a vast quantity of ice. The wind also drove us irresistibly towards it. We were now in a great dilemma: if we went between the islands, where the sea is full of sunken rocks, we were in danger of striking upon one of them, and being instantly lost: again, if we ventured again into the ice, it was doubtful whether the ship would bear many more such shocks as she had received. At length the former measure was determined on, as, in case of any mishap, there might be some possibility of escaping to shore. On such occasions, it is seen how strongly the love of life operates. Having entered in among the islands, we found the sea more free from ice, and our hopes began to revive a-new, till, from the mast-head, the passage to Hopedale was discovered to be entirely blocked up. The weather turned to fog and rain, and we soon perceived ourselves beset with ice-mountains, which betrayed themselves through the mist by a white glare. We tacked against them, and the wind between them and the rocks, the proximity of the latter being known by breakers. In this situation we spent the 23d and 24th; the weather continued rainy and cold; we were in an unknown sea, among hidden dangers, and the poor sailors without a dry shred on them, and not able to get any rest, being under constant alarm whenever any extraordinary noise was heard in the fog.

"25th. The sky was clear, and we found ourselves nearly in the same place where we had spent the 22d; but a large bay opening to our view, we steered into it.

"26th. The morning was fine, but our hearts were heavy: we were all filled with deep concern and sorrow, when we reflected on the continual disappointments we experienced, and that, while on this day our brethren and their esquimaux congregations were surrounding the Lord's table, and partaking of the Holy Sacrament, we were still detained

at sea, and prevented reaching their peaceable habitations, and joining in their devotions.

"27th. We discovered open water on the other side of the ice; and wind and weather being favourable, we penetrated through the ice, and got on well; but after all found the passage to Hopedale still choked up. We were therefore obliged to keep tacking all night in a narrow channel.

"28th. Having worked our way, by God's providence, through some very heavy ice, and considering whether we should again make fast to some large field, the dread of the ice seemed so forcibly to have possessed all our minds, that we resolved rather to endeavour to find an anchoring place in an adjoining bay. The water, however, was so deep, that it was six in the morning before we could cast anchor, in twenty-two fathoms. Being here defended against the wind, our ship's company could enjoy some rest. In the afternoon, the mate went in the boat farther into the bay, to search for a better anchoring place, in which he succeeded. Towards evening we anchored in it, but were so closely pursued by floating ice, which soon beset us all around, and gave us little rest. Fearing that it might cut our cable, we strove to turn it off.

"31st. I accompanied brother Beck and the captain on shore. We climbed up the highest hill, from whence we could plainly see the Hopedale islands and hills,—but also the sea yet filled with ice. We kindled a large fire, hoping that perhaps the missionaries, or the Esquimaux, might thereby discover our arrival. The island, on which we had landed, was almost entirely covered with brushwood of almost impenetrable thickness. The mosquitoes troubled us much.

"August 2. We saw a large bear on shore, and set off after him, with proper weapons, but he escaped into the wood.

"From the 3d to the 5th of August, a strong wind from the shore cleared the bay of ice, and, on the 6th, the mate and brother Körner, having climbed the highest hill, and discovered open water towards Hopedale, came running back with the pleasing intelligence: but our frequent discouragements had rendered us so unbelieving, that it made but little impression upon us. We however set sail, and reached the entrance into Hopedale islands. In the evening the wind turned against us; our way was again choked with ice, and we lay all night fastened to a large field, and spent the day following in tacking between the ice and the land. At night we made fast again; but the field breaking into five pieces, we were carried back to the southward by the current, and obliged to disengage ourselves from the fragment, and suffer the wind to drive us out to sea. As soon as it was light on the 8th, we used every exertion to get again within the Hopedale islands, which, at length, after much uncertainty, owing to variable winds, we effected, and cast anchor between eight and nine o'clock at the island of Ukkalek,—two hours' sail from Hopedale. Here we were visited by Brother Stock, and several Esquimaux. Words are too weak to describe our joy on this occasion. On the 9th, at eight o'clock, we cast anchor at Hopedale.

"G. КНОСН."

"N. B.—The captain and mate report, that though for these three years past they have

met with an unusual quantity of ice on the coast of Labrador, yet in no year, since the beginning of the mission in 1769, has it appeared so dreadfully on the increase. The colour likewise of this year's ice has been different from that usually seen; and the size of the ice-mountains and thickness of the fields immense, with sand-stones imbedded in them. As a great part of the coast of Greenland, which for centuries has been choked up with ice, apparently immovable, has, by some revolution, been cleared, perhaps this may account for the great quantity alluded to.

"The brig *Jemima* returned from the above voyage in a very injured state; so much so, that, instead of repairing her, another is about to be purchased.

"One of the stones, found in the midst of the ice, has been transmitted to the Rev. J. C. Latrobe, and, since then, been requested for examination by Sir Joseph Banks."

The following extract of a letter from Brother Kohlmeister will show, that the missionaries returning to Labrador in the *Jemima* were not the only objects of the gracious preservation of God in imminent danger, but that the last season has been peculiarly distinguished by instances of this kind:—

"Okkak, Sept. 16, 1817.

"I set out with two others on the 1st of October, two days before the ship left that place, in Jonas's large boat, or shallop. Our voyage, which usually occupies two days, lasted seventeen. During the whole time we met with nothing but furious winds, snow storms, and severe cold, of which Captain Frazer likewise had his full share, so as not to be able to reach Hopedale. We were indeed in constant danger of being wrecked, but particularly during those two days, from the 12th to the 14th of October, when we expected nothing less than to be swallowed up by the waves. We then lay under the dreadful precipices of Kiglapeit Promontory, among a few small rocks and breakers, in the open sea, fastened to a rock by six grapnels. A north-east storm raged in the mountains, and the gusts of wind which assailed us from the heights were tremendous. The sea was furiously agitated, beating high against the precipices, and rising above our mast-head in breaking over the rocks among which we lay. The little haven we had run into for shelter was in a continual ferment, and our bark was thrown up and down, and backwards and forwards, in such a manner, that we feared every moment to be driven from our grapnels, and thrown upon the sunken rocks, which we saw all around, and dashed to pieces. Jonas cried aloud, We are lost! we are lost! The Esquimaux women and children wept incessantly. In our little cabin, we prayed fervently to the Lord to have mercy on us, and make us resigned to his will. Our hearts were filled with comfort, and the assurance that He would not suffer us to perish in this place. We could now, with confidence, exhort our Esquimaux to take courage.

"During the second night, a little after nine o'clock, the storm not abating, Jonas proposed to cut away the masts, to which, however, at first, we objected, till the incessant crying of the women and children, and his importunity, prevailed so far, that

we left it to him. He now cut them away close to the deck, and our small boat had nearly been destroyed by the fall of the main-mast. Not long after, the storm ceased. On the 14th we left this haven of terror,—put up jury-masts, and in the evening, at ten, arrived at Okkak, having had to cut our way through the ice in the bay.

"B. G. KOHLMEISTER.

"No. 80 of the *Periodical Missionary Accounts of the United Brethren.*"

"The ice in this season did not leave the bay of Okkak till the 27th of July.

"On the 13th the sea appeared clear of ice to the northward, but to the south a great deal was still floating."

THE CALEIDOSCOPE,

AND

THE TETRASCOPE.

Of late, when the Greenland-bound ships had set sail,

And the shot at Lord Wellington happen'd to fail,
A strange dearth of topics began to prevail:
No subject was offered to interest fashion,
No touching new mania, nor whimsical passion;
The beau had exhausted his patterns of dress,
And Lord Byron's fourth canto was still in the press.
While the world look'd and languish'd in silent attention,

Some clever soul hit on a famous invention;—
'Tis a tube made of brass, pewter, copper, or tin,
With a hole at one end of it where you look in,
And see—gracious heavens!—you see such a sight,
Should I try to describe it 'twould take me all night;
The exquisite figures and colours you can see,
No painter can copy, no poet can fancy:
You see—what must all you've before seen surpass,
You see—some small old broken pieces of glass!
Need I tell you, indeed, that with such preparation,
So lovely a bauble has caused a sensation?
I doubt whether Bilboquet, monarch of toys,
Or the Devil himself, ever made such a noise;
'Tis the favourite plaything of schoolboy and sage,
Of the baby in arms, and the baby of age;
Of the grandam whose sight is at best problematical,

And the soph who explains it by rule mathematical;
And the saint, who in vain tries to laugh at and mock it,

Yet, ten to one, carries a brace in his pocket!
All are bit in their turn, from the belles who have borne it,

I'm told, to the Op'ra, instead of a *lorgnette**,
To the cripple who makes them "so pretty and cheap,"

And hawks them about at "a penny a peep":
Such, indeed, is the rage for them, chapel or church in

You see them about you; and each little urchin,
Finding a sixpence, with transport beside his hope,
Runs to the tinman, and makes a "CALEIDOSCOPE!"

When we inserted, in our preceding Paper, our complete and copious account of the theory, structure, and uses, of the interesting and valuable optical instrument, denominated the *Caleidoscope*†, we were aware of

* Opera glass; spying-glass.

† We find that a variety of names for this instrument are in vulgar acceptance, of which the most common is that of "Telescope," derived no doubt from the exterior form, and the manner of use; the *Caleidoscope* being a cylindrical tube, with an eye-glass, &c. But a "Telescope" is an instrument for viewing "distant" objects. The

the existing dispute concerning its invention, which has been claimed by Dr. Brewster; and in consequence, we avoided, at that time, all mention of Dr. Brewster's name, reserving to ourselves the opportunity to inquire, at greater leisure, into the true history of the discovery. We knew that the theory had been described in various works on the science of optics; and we had heard that an instrument, by which the theory was practically applied, was described in "*Bradley's Gardening*," a work which is just a century old. Since our last publication, however, the description which it contained, (and which has been sought with avidity by the public,) has procured us the favour of a communication from an eminent optician, by whom we have been obligingly furnished with a copy of Mr. Bradley's book‡, as well as with some other volumes which convey information on the subject.

From what we have now learned, and are prepared to communicate to our readers, two propositions may be safely advanced; the first, that the *theory* has long been familiar to all persons conversant with the science of optics§; and the second, that the practical application of the theory, in contrivances both of utility and of amusement, has been frequently made, at different periods during the eighteenth century§.

In what degree Dr. Brewster is entitled,

pronunciation of the word "*Caleidoscope*" has been given in our preceding Number; but not, it seems, in such a manner as to be understood by all our readers. The reading of good poetry, however, has often been said (and justly) to be conducive to the acquisition of the right accentuation of syllables; and hence we are not without hope, that as, in the lines above cited, the word "*Caleidoscope*" has been thus early "hitched into rhyme," its true pronunciation among all classes will now be speedily perceived. The reader has only to observe the *rhyme*, which (though a little at the expense of *reason*) has been contrived, by the ingenious poet, in order to form his ear to the proper sound immediately:—

"Finding a sixpence, with transport *beside his hope*,
Runs to the tinman, and makes a *Caleidoscope*."

"*Beyond his hope*," or "*beside himself*," the poet would have said, but for the sake of the rhyme; and let the sacrifice which is thus made, bring about the instantaneous and final cure of all who talk to us of "*Caliddiscopes*," "*Cal-e-doscopes*," "*Cal-e-i-doscopes*," &c. The rhyme, nevertheless, may still mislead us, if it seems to sanction the vile, but almost universal, habit of neglecting the medial vowels, and gives encouragement to those who would say "*Caleidoscope*," ("beside his hope,") instead of "*Caleidoscope*." The rhyme is sufficiently perfect, even when we articulate, as we ought to do, "*Caleidoscope*."

As to the orthography, we omitted, perhaps, in a former note, the most obvious illustration of our principle, in not suggesting to the reader, that if we write "*Kal*," we ought to go on, and write "*Kaleidoscope*;" from the two words *καλός* and *σκοπεω*.

‡ "*New Improvements of Planting and Gardening*, both Philosophical and Practical, &c. With a New Invention, whereby more Designs of Garden-platts may be made in an hour, than can be found in all the books now extant. By Richard Bradley, F. R. S. London. 8vo. 1717."

§ See "*Harris's Optics*," 4to. London. 1775; "*Wood's Elements*," printed at Cambridge, in the year 1799; "*Vince's Conic Sections*," 1800, &c.

§ See "*Harris's Optics*."

after all, to the praise and the advantages of an inventor, we shall never, perhaps, venture to pronounce. For the present, at least, we shall content ourselves with producing, for the information of the public, all the evidence which is before us; first, as contributing to a general acquaintance with the theory and structure of the instrument, and possibly to the future improvement of the latter; and, secondly, as impartially assisting the decision on the claims of Dr. Brewster. This evidence and information will appear in our next and succeeding Numbers, illustrated by SEVERAL ENGRAVINGS.

In the present article, we shall limit ourselves to two or three concluding heads; namely, 1. To a repetition, in fewer, and perhaps in more familiar terms, of our instructions for making the Kaleidoscope; 2. To a brief and initiatory account of an improved, or at least varied, instrument, which has just made its appearance, under the name (not strictly intelligible) of TETRASCOPE; and, 3. To a suggestion as to what we shall hereafter say on the great private and public value of the instrument which Dr. Brewster, if he is not its inventor*, has at least the merit of bringing under general regard in this kingdom.

1. The CALEIDOSCOPE consists of two reflecting surfaces, inclined to each other at any angle which is an aliquot part of 360°. The reflecting planes may be formed of two pieces of glass, the outsides of which will be improved by a thin coating of Brunswick black; or two planes may be formed of finely polished metallic plates: the latter mode, though the most difficult, is by far the best. The length of plates should vary according to the focal distance of the eye; from five to ten inches will, in general, be most convenient. The angle best adapted to an instrument of two inches diameter is 45°, which will produce eight sectors: if the instrument is much larger the number of sectors should increase in an equal ratio. —When the instrument is thus constructed, it is to be covered with a cylindrical tube of paper, leather, or metal, so that one end may be completely open; and a small aperture, or eye-glass, at the other. The best mode of producing the effect of various colours, is by taking a number of broken bugles, beads, or pieces of coloured glass, varying in shape and colour as much as possible, and confining them at the object-end of the instrument; then cover the whole object-end with a ground glass. If these objects be put in motion, the combination of images will likewise be in motion, and new forms, perfectly different, but equally symmetrical, will successively present themselves; sometimes vanishing in the centre, sometimes emerging from it, and sometimes playing around in double and opposite oscillations.

2. The TETRASCOPE, so called, is formed with a greater number of reflectors than the Kaleidoscope. It multiplies the objects *four* times; and affords, therefore, richer and more complicated exhibitions. It ought, perhaps, to be denominated "TETREIDOSCOPE." It is recommended as being capa-

ble of showing the objects with still greater precision and symmetry than the Kaleidoscope. Tetrascopes (Tetreidoscopes) are on sale at the Bazar* in Soho-square, by S. Essex, jeweller, first floor, front room, Nos. 138, 139.

3. The UTILITY, private and public, of these instruments, is a subject on which we shall have much pleasure in descanting in a future Number. In the meantime, we beseech all parents and others concerned in the education of youth of both sexes, to encourage the taste for these beautiful toys to the utmost of their power. We will certainly give our reasons. At present we have only time to say, that it delights us to see them, as we do, and as our poet describes, in every one's hands, young and old, gentle and simple.

We shall add a brief observation on the use of the Kaleidoscope in the arts†. It is plain, that the ornaments it suggests will always be *symmetrical*; and we think we foresee that we shall have an inundation of patterns, in various manufactures, which, from their peculiar and uniform principle, will be known by the name of CALEIDOSCOPE PATTERNS. Now, we have no objection to *symmetrical* patterns; they are beautiful in their kind; but we admire *fancy* patterns too, and these latter more freely exercise the taste of the artist. Let us have no *mania*, therefore, for SYMMETRICAL or CALEIDOSCOPE PATTERNS. When Mr. Bradley contrived his instrument‡, it was expressly for the purpose of multiplying the SYMMETRICAL PATTERNS of *garden-platts*, according to the taste of his age, and such as they are characterized by Pope:—

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother;
And half the plat-form just reflects the other."

But of this, more hereafter.

(To be continued.)

APPEAL OF TREASON.

CASE OF DONALD LORD REA, AND DAVID RAMSEY, ESQ.

[The case of Lord Rea and Mr. Ramsey, which has often been mentioned of late, has (till the publication of the following) been to be found nowhere, we believe, except, at great length, in the voluminous work of Rushworth. It deserves attention, as bringing distinctly under our view the distinction between Appeals of *Felony*, as that word is now understood, and Appeals of *Treason*, which is also a felony at *Common Law*. (See Glanville, &c.) In Appeals of *Treason*, as being made on behalf of the king or the state, the crown

* We wish we could put down the idle affectation of the orthography "bazaar."

† We hear it said in conversation, that the Kaleidoscope, such as it is made by Dr. Brewster, has long been in use among the china-painters at Dresden. Is this true?

‡ Mr. Bradley distinctly claims *the discovery*. The following is an extract from his preface:—

"In the first place, my reader will find the description and use of *my* invention for the more speedy drawing or designing of garden-platts; and I am of opinion, that when he once understands the right use of it, I shall have his thanks for the discovery."

can refuse to let the Appellor have the Battle which he seeks, and discharge the Appellee at its mere pleasure. In other Appeals, as being made for private wrongs, the crown has not that prerogative.]

In the year 1631*, the seventh of Charles I, Donald Lord Rea accused David Ramsey, in a petition to the King, of having spoken "sundry speeches; importing plots and practices against his royal crown and realms; the truth whereof he was ready to maintain with the hazard of his life and dearest blood, if he be thereunto required." The words were stated to have been spoken whilst the parties were in the port of Elsinour, in Sweden. Lord Rea, at the same time, accused one Meldrum of being a party with Ramsey in the conspiracy, and prayed that he might be first proceeded against according to law; "conceiving, that if Meldrum be guilty, Ramsey cannot be innocent;" but if, on such trial, the conspiracy did not fully appear, that then he, Lord Rea, would justify his assertion to be true, either as a defendant against Ramsey (who demanded the combat of him before his Majesty), or as a challenger, if the Court of Chivalry should so award it.

The King, by a commission under the Great Seal, referred the matter to the Court of Chivalry; and the trial commenced before Robert Earl of Lindsey, Constable of England, and Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surry, Earl Marshal of England, judicially sitting in the Painted Chamber at Westminster; together with Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, &c.

The letters patent being read by the Registrar of the Court, Donald Lord Rea, the plaintiff, and David Ramsey, Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, defendant, were called in. The Earl Marshal then spake in defence of the Court of Chivalry, that it was legal, and agreeable to right and justice; and its not being much used lately, was owing to the pious and peaceable government of the state. He concluded by observing, "That it was an error in many to apprehend, that as soon as an Appeal was brought into this Court, it was presently to be decided by Duel, whereas Duelling was the ultimate trial, in defect of all others; and even then it was in the arbitrament of the Court, whether a Duel shall be granted or denied." Arthur Duke, doctor of civil law, next spoke of the antiquity, jurisdiction, and necessity of the Court of Chivalry, especially in cases of *Treason*, where the truth could not otherwise be discovered. Rea and Ramsey were then called into the inner court, one standing on the right hand, and the other on the left of the Lord Constable and the Earl Marshal. Lord Rea presented his appeal in writing, and his petition formerly exhibited to the King, which were read. The appeal concluded with these words: "But if thou, the said David Ramsey, shalt deny the premises, &c. I, Donald Lord Rea, say and affirm, that thou, David Ramsey, art a false traitor, and lyest falsely; and in case the premises cannot otherwise be found out by the sentence of this Court, proffer myself ready, by the help

* The dates of these proceedings are not given by Rushworth; but, from three accounts of them, contained in the Harleian and Sloanian MSS., it appears, that the Court first met on the 28th of November 1631, and last on May 12, 1632. Ed.

* Some have introduced the more beautiful, but more expensive materials of coloured precious stones; as emeralds, rubies, &c. Shreds of lace are cheap, as well as beautiful materials.

of God, to prove and justify this my Accusation and Appeal, by my body upon thy body, according to the laws and customs of weapons, in a Duel, to be performed in the presence of our Lord the King." Which challenge being publicly recited, Donald Lord Rea, the party challenging, threw his glove into Court, of a red or brown colour; then Ramsey answered, in his own person, "that the Appeal was false, and that the said Donald Lord Rea, the Appellant, or Challenger, did lie falsely, and that he was ready to justify and prove this in Duel, &c.;" whereupon he threw his glove into Court, of a white colour: which gloves were respectively taken up by Clarencieux King of Arms, and delivered to the Lord Constable, who committed them to the custody of the Registrar of the Court. Then the Lord Marshal arrested the parties; and "Lord Rea produced Sir Robert Gordon, Sir Piercy Crosby, Sir Walter Crosby, and Sir William Forbes, Knights and Baronets, and William Innis, Esq., for his sureties, who obliged themselves, all and every of them (et divisim et conjunctim) to our Lord the King, for the said Lord Rea, body for body, that the said Lord Rea should duly prosecute this aforesaid Challenge, to the final and last determination of the same," &c.; and Ramsey produced for his sureties, James Earl of Abercorne and Robert Earl of Roxborough, who entered into a bond of four thousand pounds to the King, for Ramsey's appearance.

Another petition of Lord Rea's was then read, praying that fifteen noblemen and gentlemen, whom he named, including five sureties, and Mr. Selden and Mr. Littleton, of the Inner Temple, might be his Counsel in the Court; which, by an order of the King, was allowed. Ramsey's defence was next read, denying the charge, and offering to defend himself, by his body against the body of the Appellant. His petition to the King, praying that Dr. Eden might be his Counsel, was read, and allowed. The witnesses in the Court were then called in and examined; and several letters from the Marquess Hamilton, to both Rea and Ramsey, were read.

"Awhile after," says Rushworth, "Ramsey entered a protestation in Court, stating, that the final decree of the Court being delayed, he prayed and desired, and that most instantly, that a day and place might be assigned for the Combat, and that his sureties might be released: the latter part of his petition was granted; the sureties were released, and he was remanded to the Tower.

At another sitting, the Earl Marshal stated to the Court, that "the King had used all diligence to find out the truth in this cause, but observing the confidence of the parties, the defect of other proof, and the parties' free choice of a Duel, consulted about the way of a publick Duel by the authority of this Court. That this Court was the only publick judicature to which the cognizance of Treasons beyond Sea appertained before the time of Henry VIII; and that the statute of 26th and 35th of that King, was not derogatory to the authority of this Court, but only super-added another way of trial. That all private Duels are accounted unlawful; but public Duels, decreed by the authority of this Court, were always granted to be lawful in cases of Treason, where the truth would not otherwise appear. That his Majesty, there-

fore, consented to the request of these parties, that they should fight a Duel. That the Court had heard with patience whatsoever was alleged on either side; and that there were three ways of determining things of this nature in this Court, used by our ancestors. First, To absolve the accused; which, in this case, the nature, quality, and circumstances of the fact and crime objected being considered, cannot be. Secondly, To condemn the accused, when the truth of the crime objected evidently appeareth by witnesses, or any other way; which, in this case, hath not been, nor seemeth possible to be. Thirdly, By way of public Duel; to the decreeing whereof the Court did intend to proceed."

Then the Lord Constable and Earl Marshal asked the parties if they would acquiesce in their Bill of Appeal and Answer, which they did, and subscribed and sealed them severally, with their respective seals at arms. The Lord Constable then put the Appeal into the glove which Lord Rea had cast into the Court, and the Answer into the glove of Ramsey; and, holding one in each hand, folded them together, and, with the Earl Marshal, decreed a Duel between the parties, in the following words:—

"In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Holy and Most Blessed Trinity, who is one, and the only true God and Judge of Battles; we, as his vicegerents, under the Most Excellent Prince in Christ, our Lord and King, by whom we are deputed to this, do admit you, the aforesaid Donald Lord Rea, the party challenging, and you, the aforesaid David Ramsey, the defendant, to a Duel, upon every accusation contained in this Bill, and Answer to the same; and we assign unto you the twelfth day of the month of April next following, between sun and sun, in the fields called Tuttle-fields, in or near Westminster, in the presence of our Lord the King, to do and perform your parts to your utmost power respectively.

"And we will and enjoin you, the aforesaid Lord Rea, the challenger, to be in the aforesaid fields, and within the list there, between seven and nine of the clock in the forenoon of the aforesaid day. And we enjoin you, the aforesaid David Ramsey, the defendant, to be in the fields, in the foresaid list, between nine and eleven of the clock in the forenoon of the said day, upon peril attending you respectively in that behalf."

The decree being read, the parties thanked the Court. Ramsey begged for an earlier day, which was refused. Lord Rea produced four sureties, who bound themselves, body for body, to the King, for the performance on his part, and Ramsey stating that he had no sureties, the Earls of Roxburgh, Abercorn, and Balclough, voluntarily offered themselves to be bound for him, in the same manner, which was admitted. The parties were then admonished by the Court, Lord Rea should not go westward beyond Charing Cross, nor Mr. Ramsey beyond Whitehall eastward. The weapons were assigned, and Lord Rea presented several protestations to the Court, among which he prayed, that he might have a chirurgion, with ointment and instruments, in the lists; bread, wine, iron nails, hammer, file, scissors, bodkin, needle, and thread, armourer and tailor, &c.*; that

he might eat and drink, and do all his other necessities; which was granted by the Court, "until the words 'Lesser les aller' were pronounced."

Mr. Ramsey presented a petition, praying that defensive arms might not be allowed, and only the rapier and dagger; but the Court answered, that arms were already assigned.

On the 10th of April, the parties appeared in Court, when the Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal signified to them, "That it was his Majesty's pleasure, for certain just and urgent causes, to prorogue the day of Combat to the 17th of May."

On the 12th of May the Court re-assembled, and the parties were called, and answered to their names. Then the Constable, together with the Marshal, declared, "That upon hearing and examination of this cause, they had not found David Ramsey guilty of Treason, nor was the Treason intimated made appear by the Lord Rea, though he had so long time attempted it; yet they found that he [David Ramsey] had seditiously committed many contempts against his Majesty, the reformation whereof his Majesty reserved to himself; and therefore the Court decreed, that they (the said Lord Rea and David Ramsey) should be committed to the Tower of London, till, by sureties, to be approved by his Majesty, they gave in sufficient caution, that neither in their own person, nor by any in their families, nor by their procurement or assent, they would attempt any thing against the other, and that so long, till it seemed good to his Majesty to set them at liberty;" and so they were both arrested, and delivered over to Sir William Balfour, Lieutenant of the Tower.

"Then a letter was brought from his Majesty, by Richard St. George, King of Arms, to the Lord Constable and Marshal, by which his Majesty revoked his letters patents, given to the said Lords for the trial of this cause, not willing to have it decided by Duel. And, so, there was nothing more done in it†."—*Rushworth*, Vol. II. p. 112—128.

Rushworth elsewhere gives a copy of a letter from the King to Marquess Hamilton, stating his reasons for not allowing the Combat: that "Rea had failed in his circumstantial probations; that nobody is any way satisfied with his accusations; and that he was satisfied there was no such Treason as Rea had fancied."—*Ibid*. p. 142.

Fugitive Poetry.

ODE TO A FASHIONABLE ARTIST.

O thou, who, with a wizard's brush
Canst bind the cheek-eluding blush,
Like WARREN'S Milk of Roses:
Firm muscle substitute for fat,
And for a snub, as GIBBON'S flat,
"Cut supplemental noses!"
With skill like thine, nought marvel I
That to thy shrine, with ecstasy,

* For an explanation of all this, see the "Assises de Jerusalem, &c." Ed.

† In the Harleian MSS., No. 737, and Sir Hans Sloane's MSS., Nos. 1435 and 3420, there are accounts of this trial, nearly resembling each other, and not varying essentially from that of Rushworth. Ed.

The wrinkled and the bald man,
To renovate their faded flesh,
Walk backward, and be boil'd afresh
In thy Medean cauldron!

Say by what philtres, old or new,
What GOWLAND'S Wash, Olympian Dew;
What strange Tricosian Fluids,
Thou giv'st vulgarity an air,
And elasticity to hair
That's dryer than a Druid's?

Ye Strephons, hovering over Styx,
Sexagenarian benedicts,
Who, swayed by carnal humour,
With bloated paunch haunt hymen's shrine,
And nine moons thence, aye nine times nine,
Monopolize the tumour;

Here turn to one whose colours fling
On winter's cheek the rose of spring,
To grace change the furies;
Fat, fair, and forty, touch'd by him,
Hey, presto! twenty, tall, and slim,
Might shame the Prophet's houries!

And, hark! the sex, the grateful sex,
Elated in their hopes and necks
By thee, cry, "Sweet Sir T——s,
Paint us all milk-maids singing blythe,
Bid Time be civil, blunt his sihe,
And drive the monster from us!"

O necromantic sage! if such
Thy power, one Taliacotion touch
From great CANOVA'S Hebe
Purloin, depict thy poet, sham
Past bloom, and younger than I am,
By twenty years, let me be.

So shall the muse thy art exalt,
Thy forehead strike Jove's azure vault,
Beyond sublunar crosses;
Thy fame all former fame attain,
And soar amid the sons of paint
Six feet above Sir Joss's.

May 4th, 1818.

TO LORD BYRON.

A PARODY.

Know'st thou the land* where the hardy green
thistle,
The red blooming heath, and the hare-bell
abound,
Where oft o'er the mountain the shepherd's shrill
whistle
Is heard in the gloaming so sweetly to sound?
Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages has stood,
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the
storm,
And her young ones are rock'd in the high
Cairngorm?

Know'st thou the land where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which its blue waters lave;
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light, as their actions are free?
Know'st thou the land where the sun's ling'ring ray
Streaks with gold the horizon, till dawns the new
day;
Whilst the cold feeble beam, which he sheds o'er
the sight,
Scarce breaks through the gloom of the cold
winter night?—

'Tis the land of thy sires, 'tis the land of thy
youth,
Where first thy young heart glow'd with honour
and truth;
Where the wild-fire of genius first caught thy
young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy roam'd free from
control.
Ah! why does that fancy still dwell on those
climes,
Where love leads to madness, and madness to
crimes;

* See the German original of these words in
our preceding Number, p. 100.

Where courage itself is more savage than brave,
Where man is a despot, and woman a slave!
Though soft be the breezes, and rich the perfume,
And fair be the Gardens of Gûl in their bloom,—
Can the roses they twine, or the vines which they
bear,
Speak peace to the heart of suspicion and fear?
Let Phœbus' bright ray gild the Ægean wave,
But say, can it brighten the lot of a slave?
Or all that is beauteous in nature impart
One virtue to soften the Moslem's proud heart?
Ah, no! 'tis the magic that glows in thy strain,
Gives soul to the action, and life to the scene;
And "the deeds which they do, and the tales
which they tell,"
Enchant us alone by the power of thy spell.
And is there no charm in thine own native earth?
Does no talisman rest on the place of thy birth?
Are the daughters of Albion less worthy thy care,
Less soft than "Zuleika," less bright than
"Gulnare?"

Are her sons less renown'd, or her warriors less
brave,
Than the slaves of a prince who himself is a slave?
Then strike thy wild harp, let it swell with the
strain,
Let the mighty in arms live and conquer again;
Their deeds and their glory thy lay shall prolong,
And the fame of thy country shall live in the song.
The proud wreath of vict'ry round heroes may
twine,
'Tis the poet who crowns them with honour divine;
And thy laurels, "Pelides," had sunk in the tomb,
Had the bard not preserved them immortal in
bloom!

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

A Lamp without flame—Sir Humphrey
Davy discovered that a fine platina wire,
heated red hot, and held in the vapour of
ether, would continue ignited for some time.
Mr. Gill has practically applied this discovery
in the formation of an alcohol lamp on the
following construction:—A cylindrical coil
of thin platina wire is placed, part of it
round the cotton wick of a spirit lamp,
and part of it above the wick, and the
lamp to be lighted so as to heat the wire
to redness; on the flame being blown out,
the vapour of the alcohol will keep the wire
red hot, for any length of time, according to
the supply of alcohol, and with a very small
expenditure thereof, so as to be in constant
readiness to kindle German fungus, or paper
prepared with nitre, and by this means to
light a sulphur match, &c. at pleasure.

The proper size of the platina wire is the
 $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of an inch, which may be readily
known by wrapping ten turns of the wire
round a cylinder, and if they measure the
 $\frac{1}{10}$ th part of an inch, it will be right. A
larger size will only yield a dull red light;
and a smaller one is difficult to use.

About twelve turns of the wire will be
sufficient, coiled round any cylindrical body,
suited to the size of the wick of the lamp;
and four or five coils should be placed on
the wick, and the remainder of the wire
above it. A wick composed of twelve
threads of the ordinary sized lamp cotton
yarn, with the platina wire coiled around
it, will require about half an ounce of
alcohol to keep it alight for eight hours.

Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, the celebrated
astronomer, discovered a new comet, on the
first of November, in the shoulder of the
serpent, between the stork and the star, 101

of Bode's catalogue. It is small, but brilliant,
particularly towards the centre, and cannot
be seen without the use of a powerful tele-
scope. At fourteen minutes past seven, its
ascension was $253^{\circ} 6'$; its north declination,
 $9^{\circ} 14'$; its rotatory motion in the direction of
east and west.

M. le Chev. Dupin has communicated to
the French Institute an account of a most
brilliant aurora borealis, observed by him at
Glasgow, on the 19th of September last.
The light of it extended from the north, in
a space terminated by a vertical circle, the
plane of which was nearly perpendicular to
the magnetic needle. The zenith was the
last part luminous; it seemed a centre, from
which the streamers emanated. The most
remarkable circumstance was the luminous
motion of the rays. They were projected in
large groups, which alternately approached
and receded from each other. At one time,
they seemed to rise in a body, like an im-
mense rocket, and at other times, to descend
like a shower of light.

Captain Campbell and Mr. Salt, by the
means of very laborious excavations, which
were made in vain by the French scavans
when in Egypt, have discovered that the
sphinx is cut out of the solid rock on which
it was supposed merely to rest. In examining
the principal pyramid, they found that the
short descending passage at the entrance to
the pyramid, which afterwards ascends to the
two chambers, was continued in a straight
line through the vase of the pyramid into the
rock upon which the pyramid stands. This
new passage, after joining what was formerly
called the well, is continued in a horizontal
line, and terminates in a well ten feet deep,
exactly beneath the apex of the pyramid, and
at the depth of one hundred feet below its
base. Captain Campbell has also discovered
an apartment immediately above that called
the king's chamber, of the same size and
workmanship, but only four feet in height.

A new portable barometer has lately been
invented by Mr. Alexander Adie, of Dumfries.
The moveable column is oil, enclosing in a
tube a portion of nitrogen, which changes its
bulk according to the density of the atmo-
sphere.

African Expedition.—A letter from Sierra
Leone mentions the return to that place of
the British scientific expedition for exploring
the interior of Africa. It was completely
unsuccessful, having advanced only about
one hundred and fifty miles into the interior
from Rio Nunez. Their progress was there
stopped by a chief of the country, and after
unavailing endeavours for the space of four
months to obtain liberty to proceed, they
abandoned the enterprise, and returned.
Nearly all the animals died. Several
officers died; and, what is remarkable, but
one private, besides one drowned, of about
two hundred. Captain Campbell died two
days after their return to Rio Nunez, and
was buried, with another officer, in the same
spot where Major Peddie, and one of his
officers, were buried on their advance.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The last novelty at
this Theatre, is a trifling production, in one
Act, entitled "*The Sorrows of Werter.*" It

is a highly coloured butlesque on the sentimentality of the German school, and is adapted for our stage from a little piece on the same subject, which has been brought out successfully at the *Theatre des Variétés*, in Paris, under the title of "*Werther*." The taste of John Bull, however, it would appear, in the present instance, was not in unison with his Parisian neighbours; for, at the fall of the curtain, a considerable portion of the audience seemed to indicate a wish that the Sorrows of Werther should that evening be finally dried up; and, although the result was not so disastrous in its consequences as the late "*Puss in Boots*" Catastrophe, of ever-blushing memory, the sense of the audience could not be misunderstood. Notwithstanding of this, the piece was again brought forward, and the opposition to it having rather diminished than increased, it is now a nightly attraction. Indeed, however destitute of merit it may be in itself, the bare idea of LISTON'S comical mug, being "gathered up" into the languishing softness of the love-sick *Werther*, while his own little *cara sposa* represents the weeping *Charlotte*, is quite enough to excite laughter, without any other assistance; and we must confess, that after feasting, during the previous part of the evening, either on the melting pathos of Miss O'NEIL'S "honed sentences," or the exquisite sweetness of Miss STEPHENS'S "wood-notes wild," (with which this theatre, for the last week, has been alternately enriched,) a laughable afterpiece, however trifling, is all we could desire.

DRURY-LANE.—The novelties of Old Drury have, for the last ten days, consisted more in the introduction of new performers than new productions. "*The Mountain Chief*" was the last melo-dramatic bauble which has been attempted to be thrust on the passive public; but, since then, we have had the pleasure of seeing our old favourite, ELLISTON, in two of his principal characters, and rejoice that so great an acquisition has been added to the theatrical corps. He has already performed *Rover*, in "*Wild Oats*," and *Vapid*, in "*The Dramatist*," with deserved applause; and, we understand, is shortly to go through the range of all his best characters. On the night after his first appearance, Miss MACAULEY, a young lady from the Dublin boards, made a very successful debut in the part of *Lady Randolph*, in HOME'S tragedy of "*Douglas*," the *Young Norval* of the evening being (for the first time) undertaken by Mr. KEAN. Those noisy satellites, who are in the constant habit of revolving round the orbit of this "father of the stage" on his nights of performance, had previously settled, as in duty bound, that he should do wonders with the character, and, therefore, no sooner did he enter, than the well-known vociferous burst of applause, with its wonted accompaniments of waving hats and handkerchiefs, was raised to greet him, and kept up, with little intermission, during the play. He certainly elicited many beauties in the course of the performance, which were deserving of the praise bestowed on them; but there were also passages in which he appeared to us extremely tame; and if such a thing as impartiality could be permitted, by his tumultuous admirers, to gain an entrance, their noisy applause might have been occasionally con-

verted into the serpentine hiss, without doing any discredit to their judgments. As to the lady,—there are few scenes presented in a theatre so gratifying as the successful debut of a female performer, and we shall, therefore, gladly refrain from any observation, at present, which might possibly detract from the success of her *entrée*. She is evidently possessed of many requisites for the stage; and although it might perhaps have been more to her advantage if the Dublin critics had been less lavish in their encomiums, we doubt not that she will be found to improve upon acquaintance.

MINOR THEATRES.

THE NEW COBURG THEATRE was opened on Monday last, for the first time, with three very splendid productions, which were received throughout with decided approbation. The fitting-up of this theatre is extremely elegant, and the arrangements, on the whole, are such as appear to deserve the support of the public, which we have no doubt they will obtain. We shall occasionally devote a part of our Paper to notices of the performances from time to time brought out at this, as well as the other minor theatres in the metropolis.

Theatrical Recorder.

KING'S THEATRE.

- May 5. Elizabetha Queen of England, and Le Prince Troubadour.
8. Le Nozze di Figaro, and Zephir.

DRURY LANE.

- May 4. The Jew of Malta, and The Mountain Chief.
5. Wild Oats, and The Mountain Chief.
6. Douglas, Amoroso, and The Sleeping Draught.
7. Douglas, and Three-fingered Jack.
8. The Jew of Malta, and The Falls of Clyde.

COVENT GARDEN.

- May 4. Bellamira, and Harlequin Gulliver.
5. Rob Roy Macgregor, La Chasse, and Who's my Father?
6. Bellamira, The Sorrows of Werther, and La Chasse.
7. The Slave, La Chasse, and Who's my Father?
8. Rob Roy Macgregor, La Chasse, and The Sorrows of Werther.
9. Grand Selection of Music; being the annual Benefit of Mr. C. J. Ashley.

ENGLISH OPERA.

- May 4, 5, 7, and 8. Mr. Mathews at Home.

HAZMARKET.

- May 4. John Bull, and the Midnight Hour; for the Benefit of Mrs. Horn.

SURREY THEATRE.

- May 4, and during the Week. The Duke and the Devil, The Knights of the Lion, and Waggery in Wapping, or King Charles in the Royal Oak.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

- May 4, and during the Week. The Equestrian Burletta of Peregrine Pickle, and The Enchanted Horse.

SADLER'S WELLS.

- May 4, and during the Week. Where is Harlequin, The Gathering of the Clans, and Kalar, or The Slave Pirate.

VARIETY.

"To pass over grief," (says Fynes Morison, in his Itinerary,) "the Italians sleep, the Germans drink, the English go to plays, the Spaniards lament, and the Irish howl."

EXTEMPORE.—On a snarling agent of Lord A——'s, at Whiteham:—

I am his Lordship's dog at Whiteham,
And whom he bids me bite, I bite 'em.

Is this an imitation of Pope's inscription for the collar of a dog belonging to the Prince of Wales?

I'm His Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

What did Mr. — die of? asked a simple neighbour. Of a complication of disorders, replied his friend. How do you describe that complication, my good sir? He died, rejoined the other, of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon.

"How very easy 'tis," cries Tom, "to write; I find no hardship verses to endite."
"That to believe," quoth Dick, "we oaths don't need 'em—"

The hardship is, for those who have to read 'em!"

When monodies became frequent in the Court of France, the King's Jester begged to have one for himself; viz. a lous-d'or of every one who carried a watch about him, and yet cared not how he employed his time.

Original Poetry.

A STUDENT'S RECREATIONS;

OR,

Extracts from a Poetical Portfolio.

No. IV.

"Graie camanae tenuis spiritus."
HOR. Od. B. 2. O. 1. 16.

MADRIGAL.

TO MAIA.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,
And he is blest who hears thy voice;
But, oh! what cause of smiles has he,
Who, happy, gains a smile from thee!

Happy is he who thee admires,
Happier, who sighs with soft desires;
But, oh! more blest, more happy he,
Who, sighing, gains a sigh from thee!

The four last lines of this Madrigal are translated from the following, addressed by Guarini to a beautiful Lady:—

Felice che vi mira,
Ma più felice che per voi sospira;
Felicissimo poi,
Che sospirando fa sospirar voi.

These lines, I have discovered, were merely translated by Guarini from an epigram in the Greek Anthology, which is, in its turn, an imitation of one of the Fragments of Sappho.

ROUND, FOR MUSIC.

Remember, Love, the rosy flower
I promis'd thee in early morn;
Which, when we sought at evening hour,
We found had fled, and left a thorn.
Oh! let it, dearest, teach thee this,
In pity to the youth who grieves;
The floweret is the joy we miss,
The thorn the sharp regret it leaves!

This little poem is of Greek origin. The four first lines are a close translation of an epigram, to be found in the *Anthologia*, beginning—

Τὸ γέρον κ. τ. λ.

THEME AND VARIATION.

THEME.

Perchè mai, se in pianto e in pene,
Per me tutto si cangio,
La memoria del mio bene,
Dal mio sen non trapassò!

VARIATION.

When bliss, like morning's blush, shall stray,
And eve but brings us sorrow's dew,
When all of joy has pass'd away,
Ah! why flies not its memory too?
But, oh! the memory of past joy,
Still, still, within the heart will live;
That soothing balsam to destroy,
Which haply other joys might give.

LINES.

ON LEAVING AN OBSCURE RETIREMENT.

Unightly chamber! gloomy, narrow, bare,
Dark guardian of my rest;
Ah! though my hours, in thee, by moody care
And anguish were oppress:
Yet now, that I'm about from thee to sever,
I feel a pang to think it is *for ever*.
For, oh! there is no thing so lorn and rude,
Taught nor untaught,
That hath been with us in our solitude,
And known our thought;
But feeling hearts will find themselves o'ercast,
At taking the farewell they deem their *last*.

MADRIGAL.

Oh, Stream! on whose fair breast the sunbeams
play,
If o'er thy banks my gentle Love should stray,
Keep thou her image on thy bosom clear,
To bless my eyes when next I wander near.
And thou, too, Echo, when she passes by,
If she should gladly sing, or sadly sigh;
Oh keep the sounds, and but repeat them when
I, her fond lover, cross thy haunts again!

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF LOVE.

In Love what contradiction lies,
Love's all made up of joy and sorrow;
His April face of smiles and sighs
Will laugh to-day and weep to-morrow.
Though child, he has a giant's power;
Though blind, his aim he misses never;
Though god, he'll die within an hour;
Though wing'd, sometimes he'll stay for ever.
Yes, Love is all a contradiction;
Those who love best, the worst agree:
Love's a sad fact, a laughing fiction,
For mark you how the rogue serves me!
His fires within my bosom blaze,
Yes, there incessantly they glow,
While through my eyes his fountain plays,
With as continual a flow.
But, ah! no help to my desires,
In either flame or flood appears;
My tears refuse to quench Love's fires,
His fires refuse to dry my tears.

I burn and stream, both in a breath,
And, oh! the dreadful aggravation;
Am doom'd to die a double death,
At once by flood and conflagration.

For a further enumeration of the contradictions of Love, the reader may refer to Petrarch's sonetto, "S'amor non è; che dunque è quel ch'è 'sento?" and the sonetto, "Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra." The fourth and fifth stanza of my poem will remind the Spanish reader of the following lines in the "Diable Boiteux" of Le Sage:—

"Ardo y lloro sin sosiego;
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego,
Ni el fuego consumo el llanto."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles, intended for insertion in this Number, are still deferred.

The article on Painting came too late for insertion. It will appear in our next Number.

We regret that repeated disappointments, on the part of the maker, have obliged us to print this and our two preceding Numbers on inferior paper, instead of that of improved quality, which we gave our Readers cause to expect. We trust that the present is the last occasion on which we shall have to apologize on this subject.

We hesitate at the insertion of PHILLO-EUSEBIUS, but shall come to a decision next week. The subject seems of too much importance to admit of those partial views, which alone, perhaps, our limits might allow us to present.

"A Well-wisher," and another Translator of Horace, at early opportunities.

We have to thank three or four Correspondents for their respective promises of regular communications on Fashion, Music, Painting, and other branches of Art. It is one part of our design, to render our Paper a decided Journal of the Fine Arts.

A Correspondent smiles at our simplicity in refusing gold for the insertion of private communications. He tells us that it is a main part of the scheme of various publications to exact a price, either for withholding what is obnoxious to individuals, or for publishing what is agreeable to them. He assures us that he has in his possession a letter addressed to him from a paper of high standing, in which is contained a distinct offer to insert his *own* criticisms on his *own* works, at so much *per line*.

We continue to use our endeavours to keep the public attention alive to the great legislative and constitutional questions of Appeal of Felony and Trial by Battle. They will shortly come before Parliament, and we are anxious that both Members and the public at large should really understand them, and become aware of all their momentous bearings. The debate in 1774 (see our fifth Number, p. 76,) cannot be too generally, nor too attentively examined; and if any thing were wanting to evince how little, even at this moment, is commonly known of the reading and spirit of the subject, the fullest proof is to be found in two *jejeune* and erroneous letters, printed this very week in an evening paper, and signed "An Ancient Barrister of the Inner Temple." It is but justice, indeed, to the "Ancient Barrister" to add, that whatever may be his mistakes concerning the law, he is sound in his conclusion, that Appeals (not less than Trial by Battle) are detestable parts of our system of jurisprudence.—It is highly gratifying to us to learn, that our previous articles on the subjects just adverted to, have been exceedingly acceptable to numerous readers.

R. B. tells us that "The Apparition" (see No. 6,) is an old acquaintance of his and

others, and ought not to have found a place among our "Original Poetry." We thank him for the information, and assure him that it was sent to us as original, and that further we know not.

R. F. mistakes the amount of the experiment on hot water and flowers (see No. 6, p. 92.) Every one knows that cold water will often revivify plants that are already much withered; and also that the geraniums are among the vegetables most tenacious of life.

We beg leave to assure an humble, though inquisitive, Correspondent, (who apologizes by saying that he has not lately been in Paris) that the French "*brasse*, a measure of two arms length, or about six feet," signifies neither more nor less than that outlandish measure of length, called, in some parts of the world, a *fathom*. Perhaps he will thank us for adding, that two *brasses*, or *fathoms*, make one *toise*, an ancient French measure (of twelve French feet) for which it is true that we have no English name. As to the French word *burin*, which he spells "burine," we find, upon consulting our dictionaries, that it means a "graver."

A Correspondent has forwarded for our use a select collection of copies of original letters of the celebrated Lord Rochester. Many of the writings of that nobleman have served only to cover his memory with disrespect; and there are some of the unpublished MSS. to which our Correspondent has resorted, which would answer only the same purpose. But the Select Letters which we have received, and design to present to our Readers, will only render him an act of justice, by showing him under a new and more favourable aspect, and particularly as an amiable and estimable person in his family and domestic relations.

In No. 6, p. 92, col. 2, l. 6, for "north-west," read "south-west."

In our preceding Number, p. 100, col. 2, for "Felicaja," read "Filicaja;" and in the next line but one, for "tio," read "feo." Same page, col. 3, l. 29, for "Flolen," read "holen;" and l. 30, for "sturze," read "sturzt," and for "huth," read "fluth."

The answer to the "Enigma attributed to Lord Byron" in our next.

C. W. is just received.

Readers having friends abroad should be apprised, that our unstamped Paper may be sent, free of difficulty and expense, to the East and West Indies. It is known to be otherwise with Newspapers.

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Exodus, chap. xv.

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